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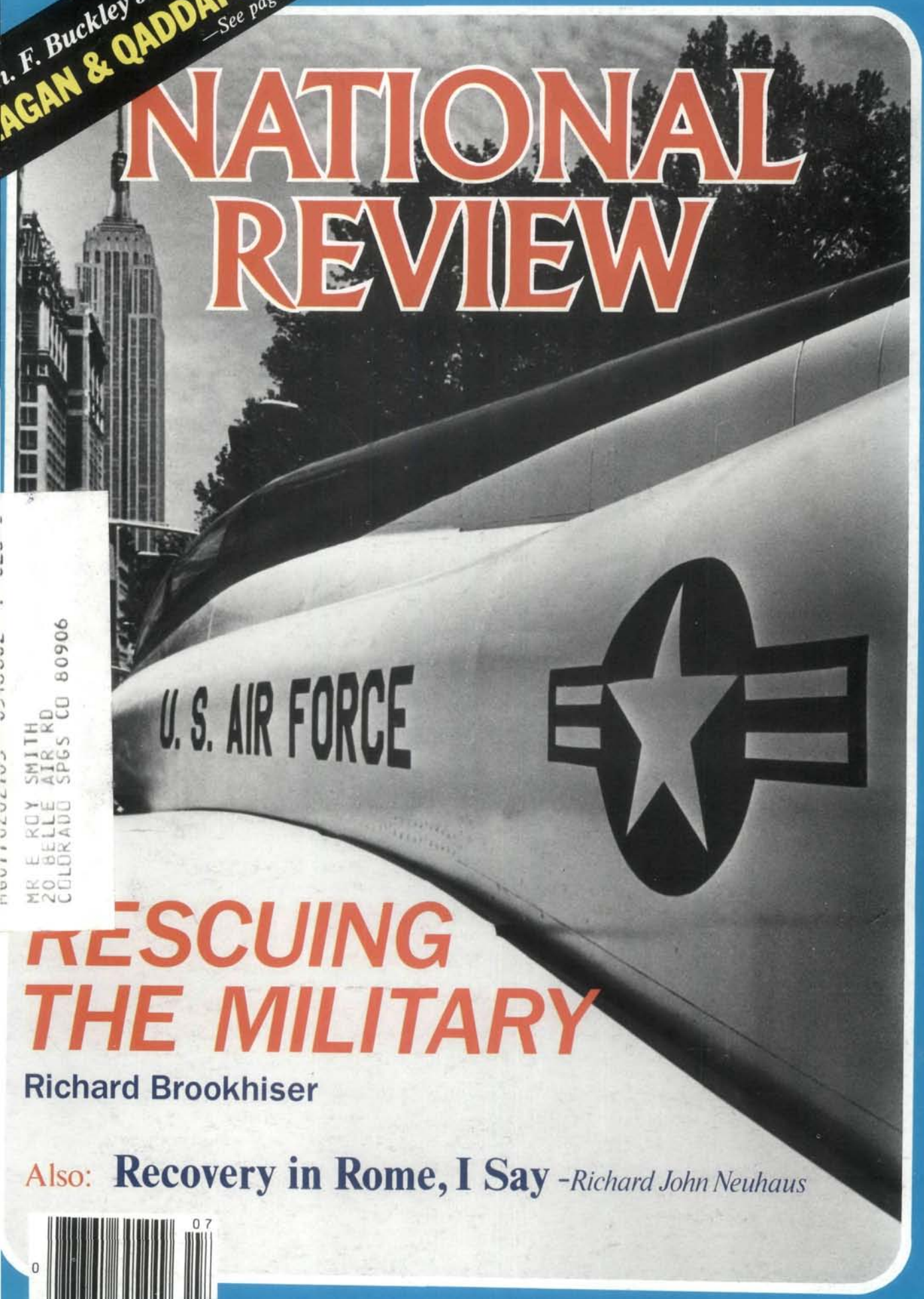
FEBRUARY 14, 1986

W. F. Buckley Jr. on
REAGAN & QADDAFI
—See page 62

# NATIONAL REVIEW

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## RESCUING THE MILITARY

Richard Brookhiser

Also: **Recovery in Rome, I Say** -*Richard John Neuhaus*

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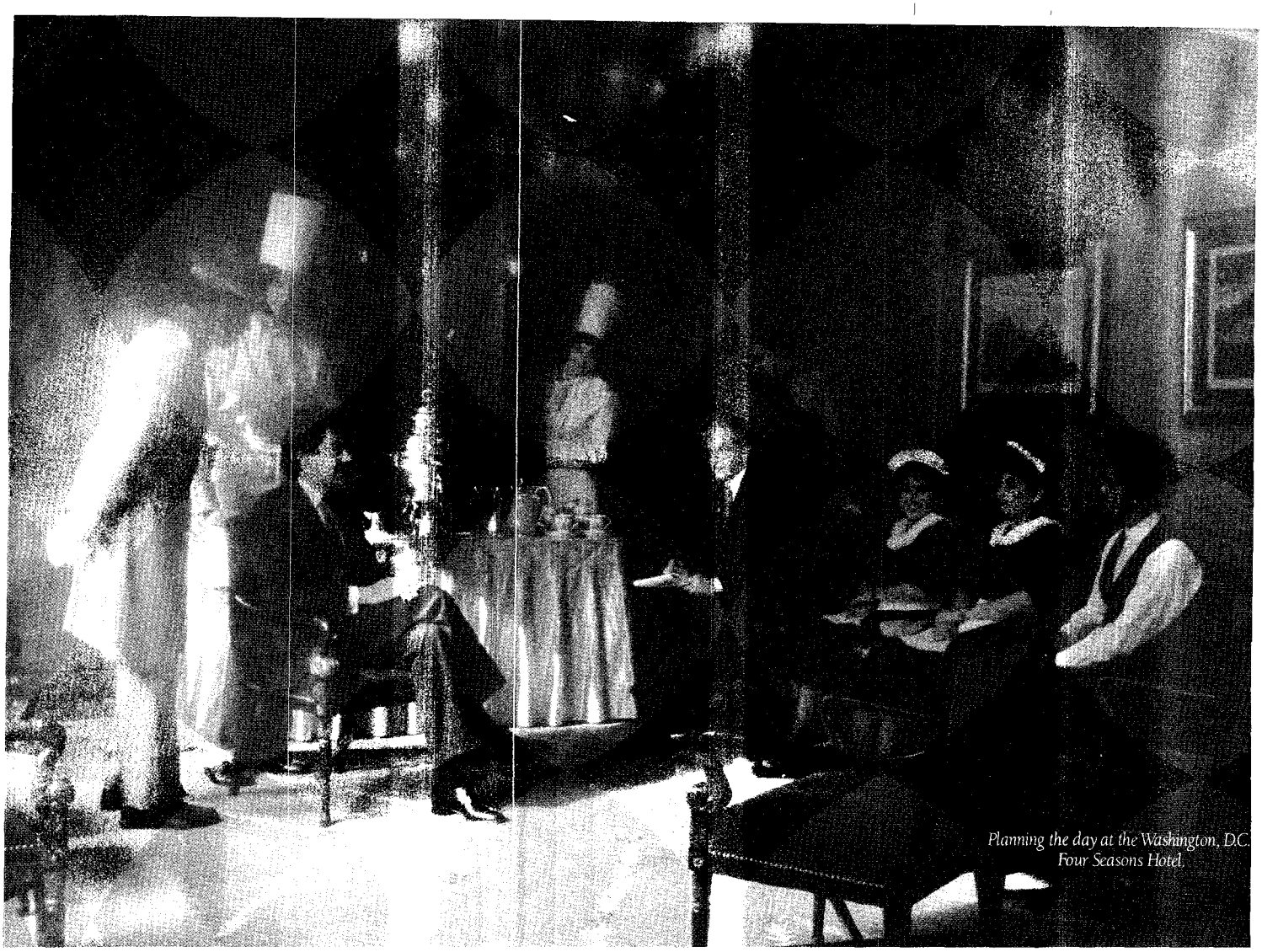

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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor Hartman
Cover photo by Jan Lukas

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1986. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

*RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.*



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# LETTERS

## Strategic Defense Imperative

Midst all the blather from the "America Lasters" who treat space defense as if it were a science-fiction movie, it is reassuring to see some competent discussion of the Space Shield ["How to Think about Strategic Defense," by Lewis Lehrman and Gregory A. Fossedal, Jan. 31]. SDI is non-negotiable, as the birthmarked Bolshevik learned to his dismay at Geneva, because it is a non-aggressive, defensive system. If arms-control talks must go on, they ought to concern only offensive systems. One does not attempt to deter an invasion by weakening one's fortifications.

Nor is SDI dangerously destabilizing. It threatens only the Soviet Union's ability to launch a successful first strike, therefore weakening its ability to threaten a first strike. Without guaranteed first-strike capability, the Soviets will no longer hold the strategic edge in today's rather one-sided nuclear "balance of terror." Because they are, to date, the only major nuclear power with the demonstrated will to launch a first strike, they hold a monopoly on the threat of its use. This monopoly has been used quite successfully to deter Western retaliation against Soviet expansion. A successful Space Shield would eliminate the Soviets' ability to engage in nuclear blackmail. Released from the constraints of mutual assured destruction, we can begin to turn back the tide of Soviet expansion by using conventional forces without the fear of a nuclear holocaust. The Space Shield provides the strategic means to put the Reagan Doctrine into action.

*Carl Fredrick*
*Bismarck, N.D.*

## Thoughts on 'Pensées'

Seldom does a piece of writing live up to its rave notices, but Mr. Sobran's "Pensées" [Dec. 31] appears to outstrip even its graceful introduction. The work is remarkable indeed; and in many ways. Yet the sheer *morality* that shines through each and every section is to me its most important attribute.

Your 30th Anniversary Issue is perhaps the best it has been my pleasure to read. Please accept my compliments, congratulations, and sincere wishes for your continued success.

*Mid Broadwell*
*Rochester, N.Y.*

Joe Sobran's "Pensées" is perhaps the best and most thorough indictment of liberalism ever to appear in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. Sobran makes it abundantly clear, as Burnham did before him, that liberalism is bad political philosophy, that it is a formula for social suicide, and that the application of liberal ideas to the shaping of our culture has turned it into a spiritual wasteland.

But clever as Mr. Sobran is, and brilliant as NATIONAL REVIEW has been these last thirty years, criticism of the Left is not enough. Criticism can wreck a regime and dissolve a political creed, but it cannot renew a country and make it great again.

True, conservatives have made a start in the work of national renewal. They want unity of vision and aim and are looking for a new organic program to redefine the American mission and the American dream. We want to believe, say the American people; but what are we to believe?

Unless we find the answer to this question, and fill the ideological void left by the demise of liberalism, we will follow the Left into the dustbin of history and become the last dying word of an expiring age of humanity and freedom.

*Bruce F. Sterling*
*Staten Island, N.Y.*

## Uninformed on Uniformed

Fred Reed hit the bull's-eye with "Why the Media's Military Coverage Misses the Mark" [Dec. 13]. He illuminates an amazing fact: With 2.1 million Americans in uniform, day-to-day military life is kept an absolute secret in our country —the only exceptions being procurement and health-care horror stories.

A pair of biases dominates the media's military coverage. First, abject contempt for the services; second, absolute ignorance of what we in uniform actually do each day.

*Frank Cumberland Jr.*
*Captain, USAF*
*College Park, Md.*

## Border Wars

In his review of my book *The War against Population* [Dec. 13] Wayne Lutton confesses to deep distrust of economists and all their works, which is an intriguing attitude in a reviewer for a conservative magazine. Accusing me



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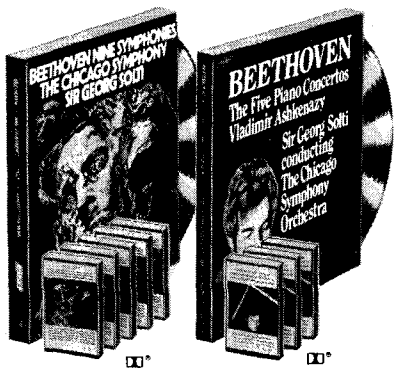
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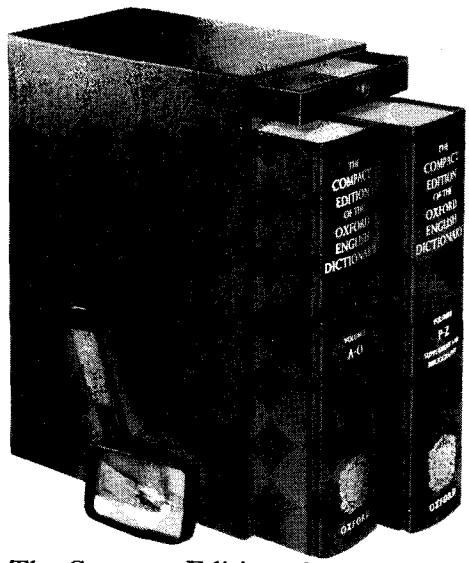


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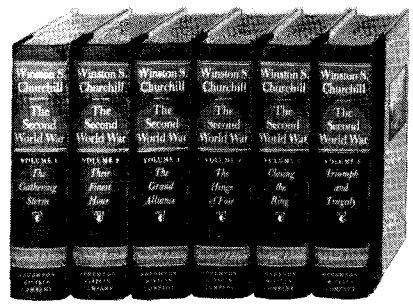


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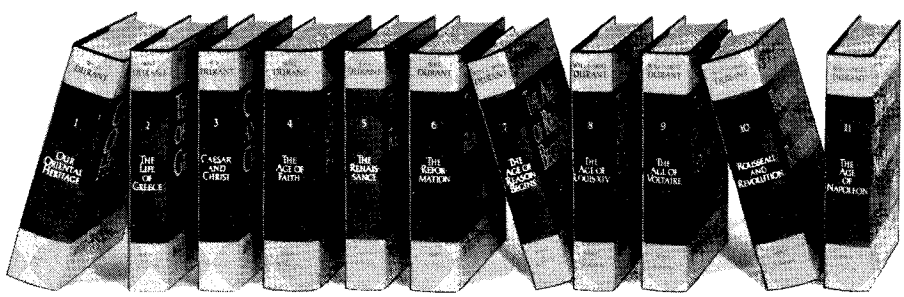


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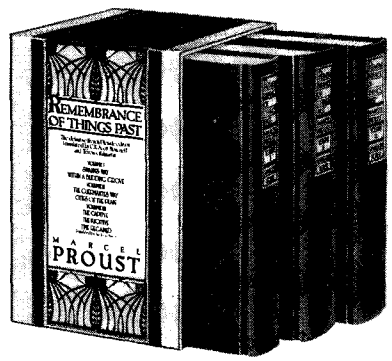


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of fatuous optimism, he has completely missed my point. The free market imposes natural and appropriate restraints on people's behavior while at the same time giving them incentives to behave in socially beneficial ways. The problems that concern Lutton, and which he blames on "overpopulation," have been caused not by families out of control, but by government planners out of control. If the cause of Bangladesh's problems is, as Lutton believes, simply "overpopulation," why does Hong Kong not have those same problems?

I did *not* say, as he claims, that "countries with more rapid rates of population growth have a higher rate of per-capita output." I did demonstrate that *developing* countries with higher rates of population growth have achieved higher *rates of growth* in output per capita. Japan (cited by Lutton) and Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, and Malaysia are examples of prospering countries whose populations grew rapidly in the past, which are now densely settled, and where population growth is now slowing down.

He missed another main point of the book—that although the "teenage-pregnancy epidemic" was widely proclaimed by organizations seeking government funds to control it, it did not occur *in fact* until *after* those organizations had spent hundreds of millions of our tax dollars on their programs.

Lutton is dismayed that so many economists do not share his terror of those swarming hordes overrunning the earth. My point is there is less to be feared from people than from government planners, including government-funded population planners.

*Jacqueline R. Kasun*
*Humboldt State University*
*Arcata, Calif.*

## Tax Us

M. Stanton Evans's essay on the budget ["How Jimmy Carter Won the Battle of the Budget," Nov. 29] acknowledges that the political will to reform the spending side of the budget was lacking in the White House, but the leadership of the conservative movement shares the blame, for it too was swept away by the supply-side sophistry. Tax reform was the simple solution to all problems. The orthodox view that tax cuts should be tied to spending cuts was openly rejected. Taxes were to be cut regardless of other factors. Either cuts would generate so much new income that the budget would be balanced at lower tax rates or (in contradiction to the first point) lower taxes would starve Congress for funds so that it would have to restrain spending. Neither came true. The gap widened between revenues and expenditures but was financed by piling up debt. Resources were still diverted from the productive sector to the welfare state to fund programs that undermine social cohesion.

It is time to get back to basics. The purpose of taxes is to raise revenue. Methods should be used that minimize harm to the economy, but the bottom line is to collect enough money to cover necessary expenditures.

*William R. Hawkins*
*Publications Director*
*The South Foundation*
*Powell, Tenn.*

## Dawn to Dust

Among the numerous errors and misstatements in the article "The Scandal of Nuclear Winter," by Brad Sparks [Nov. 15], I was particularly angered by having my own view misrepresented. I was quoted on page 38 as claiming that volcanic dust from the Mount St. Helens eruption caused the surface to warm, and this argument is used to suggest that smoke from fires following a nuclear war would cause warming. This is wrong for several reasons:

1. My "statement" was actually a question to the panel at the Halloween nuclear-winter meeting, and it was answered by Stephen Schneider, who showed how this volcanic analogy was not relevant to the nuclear-winter theory. Sparks left out half of my question and the answer.

2. Volcanic dust and nuclear smoke have very different optical properties with respect to infra-red (heat) radiation. While volcanic dust particles, which are fairly large, tend to absorb infra-red radiation and re-emit some of it downward, warming the surface, smoke particles, which are quite small, allow the infra-red radiation to pass through. Thus the surface can cool freely. The net effect of nuclear smoke is thus strongly to cool the surface, because the sunlight is blocked out and is not replaced with much downward infra-red radiation.

3. In my question, I pointed out that the Mount St. Helens dust caused cooling during the day and warming at night, with no net effect on temperature when averaged over 24 hours. Only the nighttime effect was included in the article.

4. Small volcanic particles that form high in the atmosphere and remain for several years have a net cooling effect, just like nuclear smoke. My question was only about the large particles that remained in the lower atmosphere for only a few days. Thus the net effect of large volcanic eruptions is to cool the surface, as has been demonstrated not only by climate model calculations, but by detailed observations following large eruptions for the past several centuries. The weather in Europe in the summer of 1816, following the 1815 eruption of Tambora, was so cold and gloomy that Mary Shelley was moved to write *Frankenstein* that summer!

The above is just one example of the many many misleading arguments in this article. Sparks ignores the fact that reports from the U.S. Defense Department and the U.S. nuclear-weapons labs (Los Alamos and Livermore), as well as the U.S. National Academy of Sciences and the international SCOPE report, have all endorsed the nuclear-winter theory.

*Alan Robock*
*Department of Meteorology*
*University of Maryland*
*College Park, Md.*

## Mr. Sparks Replies

Mr. Robock's letter is an exercise in nitpicking. As with Carl Sagan's cohorts in the last "Letters" column [Jan. 31], what is important is what Robock leaves unsaid. Not a word is uttered to refute the two most decisive points in the whole article: the Hiroshima-Nagasaki and greenhouse-contradiction arguments disproving the nuclear-winter theory.

Nowhere did I use the example of

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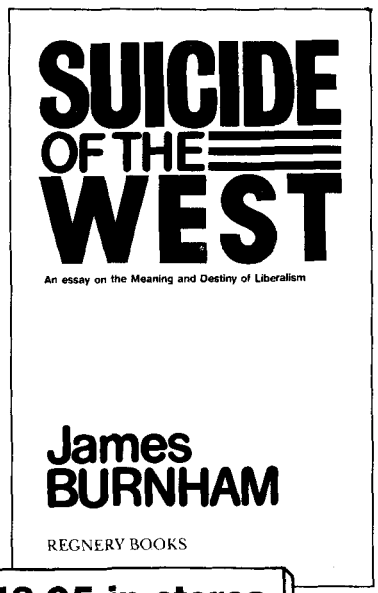


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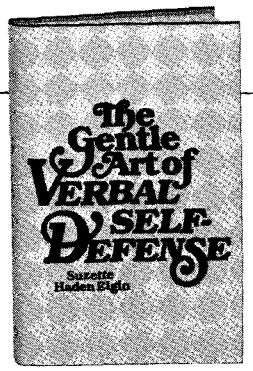
### About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.

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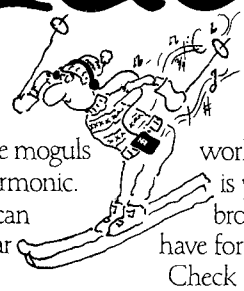

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Mount St. Helens' eruption to suggest that *smoke* would cause a warming. My point was about *nuclear dust*, not smoke.

Robock omits his own comment to the Halloween winterism meeting that the warming effect of volcanic dust from Mount St. Helens made "probably a very good analogue for what would happen with the [nuclear] dust cloud." The analogy, then, is between volcanic *dust* and nuclear *dust*. They are similar enough that winterists use data on the former in place of data on the latter.

Stephen Schneider's "answer" to Robock was in reality a long discourse on *smoke*. That was obviously irrelevant to my clear discussion of volcanic and nuclear *dusts*, so it was left out.

Winterists strive to evade the issue of nuclear dust's warming effect and its failure to show up in their faulty computer models. Thus when Robock embarrassed his fellow winterists with the dust question, the "answer" was to quickly change the subject to smoke.

Robock can't escape the fact that his "question" to the Halloween winterists contained statements of scientific fact that were accurately quoted in the article.

Robock now tries to suggest that warming from Mount St. Helens' dust only occurred at nighttime. But winterists tell us that if the daytime sun is all but cut off it will get extremely cold fast—a "quick freeze" in two days. Obviously, dust must have *warmed* the ground above this very low temperature both *day* and *night* if temperatures stayed "constant" at normal levels (as he was quoted as saying). So Robock was originally correct in representing to the Halloween group the overall effect of volcanic dust—and thus nuclear dust—as a "warming." He even admits the dust "warming" in point two of his letter.

Tambora is a canard. By winterists' own admission the alleged world temperature drop was a mere one degree. But Robock fails to mention that in 1814, the *year before* the eruption, it was just as cold as in 1816. Or that the Far East (where the volcano exploded) suffered no cold such as Europe did.

In 1815, the year of Tambora's eruption and its greatest global dust concentrations, the Northern Hemisphere *warmed* by half a degree relative to the years before and after. In fact, in 1980, the year of Mount St. Helens' eruption, it was slightly warmer than the year before, and in 1981 it was nearly *one degree warmer*—the warmest year in a century. Such evidence can hardly prove that volcanic dust *cools* the earth.

*Brad Sparks*
*Berkeley, Calif.*



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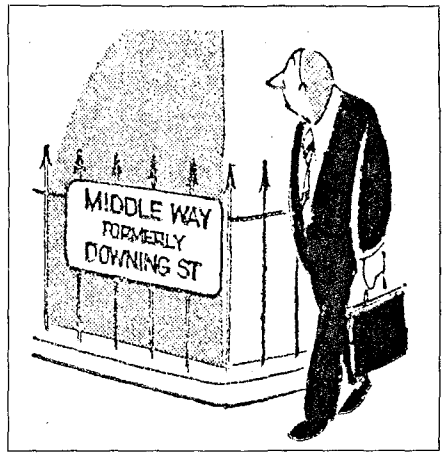
# FOR THE RECORD

It's Southern-strategy time for Democrats. Democratic National Chairman **Paul Kirk** says "it would make sense" for the Democrats to put a Southerner on the ticket in 1988—no doubt in the back of the bus. . . . Democratic political analyst **Richard Moe**—formerly an influential Hill staffer—points out that the Sunbelt gained 17 electoral votes in the 1980 census, and there's another census hard ahead. . . . Southern governors are pushing for a multistate regional primary in March 1988 (right after Iowa and New Hampshire) to give their region early and added clout in selection process; they'd also like to see the Democratic national convention in Atlanta. . . . **Kevin Phillips** points out that the only successful Democratic presidential candidates since **JFK**, a quarter of a century back, have been Southerners: **Lyndon Johnson** and **Jimmy Carter**. . . . The men they're mentioning, particularly for No. 2 spot, are: Gov. **Bruce Babbitt** (Ariz.), former Gov. **Charles Robb** (Va.), Sen. **Sam Nunn** (Ga.), Rep. **Richard Gephardt** (Mo.). . . . But the steady drip-drip-drip erosion of party loyalties continues in the South. In past fortnight, former liberal Democratic Mayor **Carole Keeton Rylander** of Austin, Texas, has switched parties, will run for Rep. **J. J. Pickle**'s seat. She left party, she says, because it "was my feeling that there was no longer any place for the moderate-to-conservative viewpoint." . . . And former Democrat **Don McNiel** will run against influential House Majority Leader **Jim Wright** in Texas's 12th CD.

First poll taken after **Teddy Kennedy** took a walk in December was **Field** poll in California. It showed **Gary Hart** leading Democratic presidential field (40 per cent), with **Mario Cuomo** fairly close behind (27 per cent). Also-rans: **Jesse Jackson**, 7 per cent; Sen. **Bill Bradley** (N.J.), 6 per cent; Sen. **Joseph Biden** (Del.), 1 per cent. . . .




Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rotheo

*Newark Star-Ledger* reports that Bradley would be more interested in running for Senate Majority Leader if Democrats capture Senate in November than in running for Vice President in 1988. . . . On Republican side, there's a boomlet for Sen. **Bill Armstrong** (Colo.) as possible presidential candidate. His biggest booster in Senate is **Gordon Humphrey** (N.H.), who adds that he is ready to mobilize his campaign apparatus in New Hampshire on Armstrong's behalf. . . . At senatorial level there could be the first ever woman *v.* woman race in Maryland: liberal Democratic Rep. **Barbara Mikulski** *v.* conservative White House aide **Linda Chavez**, for **Mac Mathias**'s seat. . . . In California, latest entry in crowded Republican lists to wrest away **Alan Cranston**'s seat is Rep. **Bobbi Fiedler**. Also in race: a TV commentator (**Bruce Herschensohn**), an economist (**Arthur Laffer**), an actor (**Fess Parker**, a/k/a **Davy Crockett**), a conservative congressman (Rep. **William Dannemeyer**—ACU 94), and State Assembly Minority Leader **Bob Naylor**, a dark horse with a dedicated following, the only Northern Californian in the race.

In recent *Human Events*, **Daniel James** points out that Mexican press king **Mario Vásquez Rana**, who plans to buy UPI for $40 million, has been financed in past newspaper ventures by leftist former Mexican president **Luis Echeverría**, now a vice president of the Party-lining World Peace Council. James points out that UPI has an extensive Latin American service (larger than AP's in many countries), a potential for mischief if new management slants the news. . . . **Mikhail Gorbachev** knows how to keep the pressure on! White House is bracing for arrival of ten million postcards from Soviet "youths" advocating a ban on nuclear-weapons tests (the Soviets having concluded *their* last series of tests). . . . After failing to get Washington to accept revolutionary heroine (and murderess) **Nora Astorga** as ambassador, the Sandinistas are now sending her to New York as UN ambassador. . . . Latest French polls show the combined opposition with 57 per cent of the vote in the upcoming parliamentary elections (March 16), over **François Mitterrand**'s combined Socialist and Communist support. . . . No telling what the six-year Afghanistan war has cost the Soviet Union, but it has cost Afghanistan itself plenty. Puppet president **Babrak Karmal** estimates the country has suffered $37 billion in damage to its economy. . . . Western diplomats in Islamabad report twenty Soviet soldiers were executed last month for refusing to fight the rebels. . . . In China there were 18 million births last year, and 8.89 million abortions (one abortion per every two births). . . . And latest best-seller in Cuba is *Fidel and Religion.*

Of interest: Shroud of Turin conference at Elizabethtown College, Feb. 15-16, to hear reports of scholars who have conducted scientific experiments on the Shroud. Write **W. Wesley McDonald**, Dept. of Political Science, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa. 17022. . . . Drive by Free the Fathers to gather signatures on petition urging freedom for aged Catholic priests still imprisoned in Red China. (Free the Fathers, 1120 Applewood Circle, Signal Mountain, Tenn. 37377.)

The radical *Guardian* carried a banner headline January 22: REAGAN READY TO TOUR HIS BANKRUPT, BRUTALIZED CONQUEST, a story about the forthcoming presidential visit to Grenada.



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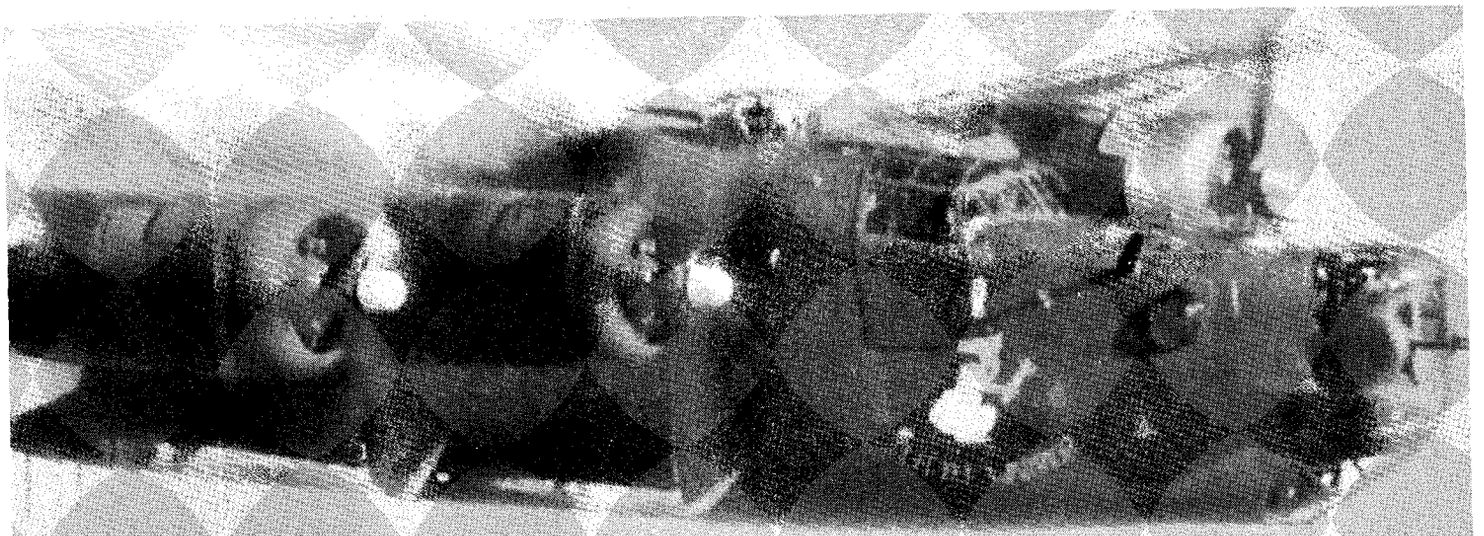

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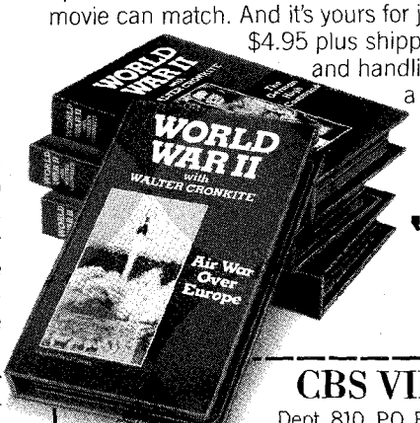


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# THE WEEK

☐ A man entering a Senate office building was arrested for carrying two submachine guns, a pistol, and 146 rounds of ammunition. He explained that he was acting as a bodyguard for Mr. Gun Control himself, Senator Edward Kennedy. He was released when Kennedy confirmed his story. In a public statement, Kennedy added that he is still personally opposed to guns.

☐ Gary Bauer, Under Secretary of Education, looked into half a dozen secondary-school texts in world history recently, and gave their treatment of Communism a C-minus. The Ukraine famine is a non-fact; boat people sail for no obvious reason. One text notes that Soviet women "receive equal pay for equal work" and "vote when they are 18." Another credits the Soviet Union with "almost total literacy. . . . In fact, reading has become a national pastime." Material for teachers is hardly better than the kids' stuff. "In Western Europe and the United States," a booklet on human rights by the National Council for the Social Studies explains, "civil and political rights such as freedom of speech, voting, and due process are of prime concern. In Eastern European countries, economic rights such as the right to work, to form trade unions, to strike, and to take vacations are considered essential." One of the authors of such pabulum told Bauer he was "afraid of raising the temperature of indignation" in the world. "So I am generally inclined to tone down what brutalities there are." Once upon a time, there would have been indignation at home. But that would be too brutal for textbook writers.

☐ Presidential possibility Governor Mario Cuomo recently announced a balanced budget for New York State that, like many of his public statements lately, is chock-full of conservative-sounding ideas, such as a "massive" $22-million program to get welfare recipients working, a substantial down payment on the state debt, and the continuation of a $3.1-billion, three-year tax-cut plan. Political media master David Garth commented, "He's developed a record that will give the media a difficult time if they try to characterize him as a liberal," and, indeed, the *New York Times* headline announced: "Cuomo Tries a Conservative Theme." Malarkey. Cuomo's budget increases state spending 8 per cent over last year, for a total of 31 per cent since he took office in 1983. His "tough" "work-not-welfare" plan camouflages a rise in benefits and a $100-million increase in one of the country's most bloated welfare systems. A $212-million increase in state Medicaid expenditures goes to a program that already spends 185 per cent more per patient than California's. And Cuomo's decision to continue an already-planned tax cut is getting less attention than his refusal to consider future cuts in New York's enormous tax burden. In criticizing the Reagan Administration, Governor Cuomo proclaimed: "Mondale was right about everything." David Garth, call your office.

☐ Striking at the roots of discrimination, the Buffalo Board of Education has hired 111 teachers who flunked a basic literacy test in the three Rs. Think what might happen to these unfortunates under a dog-eat-dog voucher system.

☐ Could Senator Jesse Helms teach in an American public school? The question arises because of the fate of Karen J. Collins, a music teacher in the Washington, D.C., suburbs. According to a *Washington Post* report, Miss Collins was displeased at having to help celebrate Martin Luther King Day, because she had read that Dr. King accepted help from Communists. That criticism of Dr. King is well grounded and shared by many anti-Communist liberals (for all we know, Miss Collins may have read it in *The New Republic*), though Senator Helms did catch hell for saying it on the Senate floor. Anyway, some students overheard Miss Collins tell a black fellow teacher her opinion and informed on her to the authorities. Montgomery County officials stripped her of her position, and she will attend the system's re-education course in human-relations sensitivity while waiting for a transfer to some other job. Doubtless the sensitivity course includes a section on the evils of McCarthyism and how it made people afraid to speak out on public issues.

☐ No sooner did Ronald Reagan score a 53 per cent approval rating among blacks in a *New York Times* poll than the *Washington Post* and ABC set out to correct the record, and then some. Not only did the *Post*/ABC poll give Reagan a lousy 23 per cent favorable rating, it found that 56 per cent of its respondents called him a "racist." (Only 36 per cent said the same of Louis Farrakhan.) Well, that's the sort of result you



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FERDINAND MARCOS's injunction (issued through his front, the election-monitoring agency Com-Elect) banning all foreign observers and press on Philippine election day (February 7) has further riven the Administration and the Hill.

Why the ban? Anti-Marcos types within the Administration believe that it stems from fresh evidence, now in Marcos's possession, that opposition candidate Corazon Aquino can indeed win—thus impelling the 68-year-old leader to revive his flagging numbers through unlimited vote fraud. Pro-Marcos officials, however, contend that no matter how "fair" the elections, some ambiguity will necessarily exist in certain locales, making foreign observers reluctant to declare the overall polling "free and fair." One Reaganite cynic carries this logic a step further: "Marcos may well feel that if he's going to be charged with fraud anyway, he might as well enjoy the benefits of it."

Both the Reagan Administration and the Hill are split over Marcos. The Pentagon would prefer that Marcos not be ousted, largely because of Subic Bay Naval Base and Clark Air Force Station. The prospect of having these two keystone geopolitical and geostrategic nerve centers taken over by the Russians, *à la* Cam Ranh Bay and Da Nang, boggles the Defense psyche. So Cap Weinberger and Under Secretary of Defense Fred Iklé are hoping for a Marcos win. He would renew the bases' treaty in 1991, whereas Mrs. Aquino clearly wants Americans out, later if not sooner.

At the White House, the National Security Council chief, Admiral John Poindexter, takes the high road: free and fair Philippine elections, and let the chips fall where they may. The chief of staff wants to keep the President safely out of the elections. "This is no place to spend presidential prestige," observes a top White House Reaganite. "Note that Reagan has stayed out of it, except for Paul Laxalt's special mission to lecture Marcos on the necessities of reform." Mr. Reagan's staff believes that it's a no-win situation. If Marcos carries the election, it will be called a fraud, no matter how clean. If Mrs. Aquino wins, some will think the U.S. dumped Marcos, clandestinely helping his opposition. And if the country then unravels under Mrs. Aquino, Reagan & Co. will take the heat.

Meanwhile, on the Hill, Congressmen Dante Fascell and Steve Solarz—chairmen, respectively, of the Foreign Affairs Committee and of its Asian and Pacific Affairs Subcommittee—both want Marcos out. Republican Senator David Durenberger is on record as calling for his overthrow unless he reforms, a shockingly bold statement that drew CIA Director Bill Casey's front-page ire.

As for Richard Lugar, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "he's almost a creature of State on the Marcos issue," says a Hill insider. "They've talked him into it," he says, referring to "free and fair elections," code words for a Marcos defeat since such standards, as defined by the anti-Marcos types, can never be met in the Philippines. "Lugar really doesn't understand Cory Aquino's platform," adds a Defense official, "not even her demand that Americans get out later."

Mikhail Gorbachev's offer to scrap nuclear weapons worldwide by the year 2000, dramatic at first blush, has hardly caused a hiccup of residual interest, what with the Gramm-Rudman apocalypse now engulfing the capital and devouring the attention of its power elite. "Clearly a tactical ploy," says a seasoned Soviet-policy analyst on the Hill, "reminiscent of Khrushchev's ramblings." (See also "Gorbachev's Plan," p. 17.) Having spent a good portion of his career as a Party propagandist, Gorbachev loves to energize the Soviet masses. "In the tradition of a Red Square hype man worth his vodka," adds the analyst, "all of his major domestic programs are being presented as flourishing by the turn of the century." Gorbachev sees himself as a visionary (compared to other heads of state) and he wants the world to know that he is going to be the first to reach the twenty-first century. Furthermore, a 15-year plan (as distinct from the Kremlin's standard five-year offerings) for agriculture, economic growth, and education frees Gorbachev from taking the rap for any short-term policy failures, thus permitting a full consolidation of his power.

"He's trying to pull sucker punches," says a GOP member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "If we put Star Wars on the shelf," the senator continues, "you can be sure that his scientists will continue to work on their own defensive missile system." This hollow offer is the first pigeon to fly out of the Kremlin's 1986 détente dovecote. It won't be the last.

—CATO

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get when you ask leading questions like, "Do you think of President Reagan as a racist?"

☐ San Francisco is the latest city to transform itself into a "sanctuary" for Latin American refugees. Under its recent resolution, the city does not require its police or other agents to report on illegal aliens or to cooperate with federal immigration officials. Aside from ostentatious politics, the position is a legal joke. A city is not an independent body, but a municipality created by the state, subject to federal law. It cannot declare itself above the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, no matter how unfashionable American foreign policy is.

☐ The Sandinistas may be winning the public-opinion fight on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, but they're having trouble at home in Nicaragua. A recent State Department report has published some of the articles the government has censored from *La Prensa*, which is about the only opposition publication left. Unable to close the paper down because of popular support for it, the Sandinistas now force its editors to submit articles and editorials in advance, so that they can suppress any information concerning resistance to the draft, economic problems, foreign affairs, human-rights abuses, the Catholic Church, and activities of what's left of the internal opposition. One story reports government confiscation of crops. Another de-



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tails the systematic harassment of churchgoers, from the slashing of tires on church buses to the banning of open-air Masses, the jailing of priests, and the confiscation of Bibles. A third tallies the cost of Comandante Ortega's recent visit to New York—more than a billion *córdobas* ($1.5 million). Recommended reading for the radical chic.

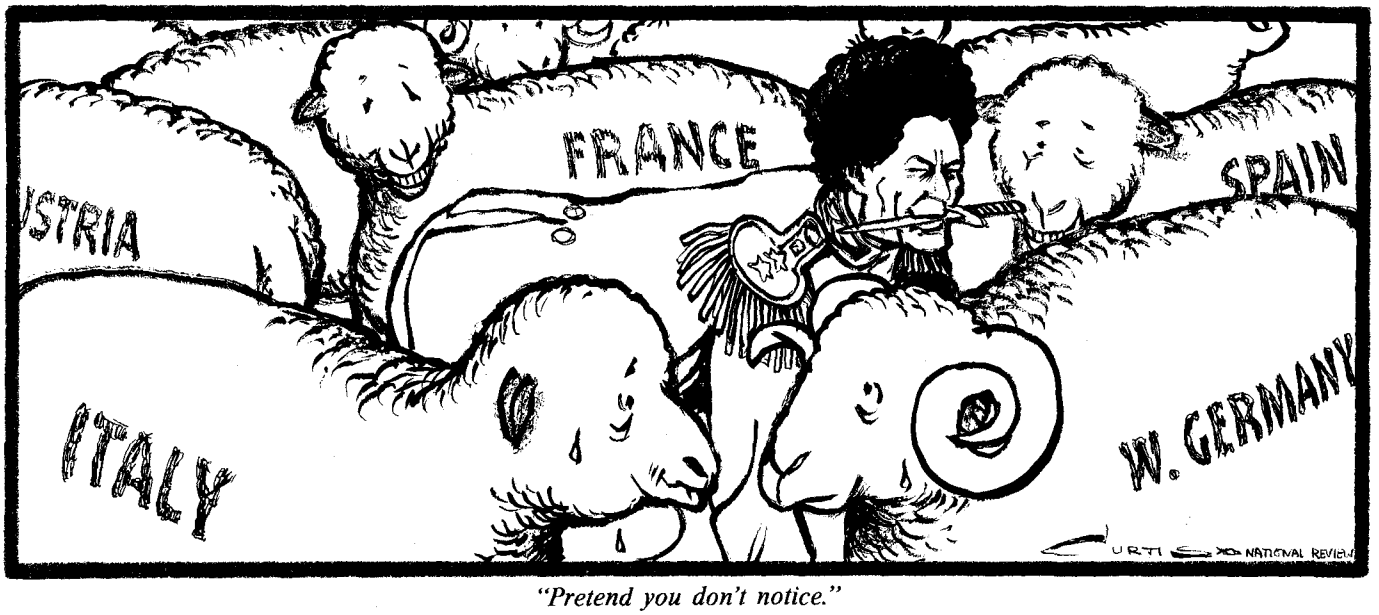
☐ The furor over the Westland helicopter company is simpler than it appears. A partnership consisting of Sikorsky and Fiat had made an offer for the failing British firm, which its chairman of the board was disposed to accept. Defense Secretary Michael Heseltine, a bumptious, ambitious "wet," then sharked up an all-European consortium that pulled all the right keep-the-Yanks-out emotional stops (and which incidentally made a less attractive counter-offer). Margaret Thatcher insisted that the shareholders have the final say. Whereupon Heseltine resigned, and accused *her* of interference. Questions in Parliament followed, many from the Tory benches. The Westland stockholders, in this carnival atmosphere—their meeting was held in the Royal Albert Hall, just before a program of professional wrestlers—voted 65 per cent to go with Sikorsky-Fiat, shy of the 75 per cent the bylaws require for the sale to go through. Board and buyers go back to the drawing board. Meanwhile, Mrs. Thatcher has yet another opportunity to judge, from the extraordinary swiftness with which a small squall blew into a political tempest, how profoundly she is resented by the faint of heart of her own party.

☐ Marxist President Ali Nasser Mohammed al-Hassani appears to have fled South Yemen for Ethiopia to ask Marxist President Mengistu Haile-Mariam for help against former president (and harder-shelled Marxist) Abdel Fatah Ismail, who led the anti-Hassani coup a week ago, but who may himself have been executed, according to Radio Aden reports, in which case a very hard-shell indeed Marxist, whose name has yet to reach the West, is in at least temporary command of Moscow's smallest outpost. Next question.

☐ SIGN OF THE TIMES: The *New York Times* reports that young West Germans are increasingly conservative —in politics, religion, morals, work habits, ambitions, manners, you name it. "We're still rebels against our teachers," one of them is quoted as saying, "and most of our teachers nowadays are left-wing-oriented and progressive. They wear sandals, Norwegian wool sweaters, beards, long hair. So we're coming in elegant clothes and reject their Green propaganda." The peace movement has disbanded, and the tennis star Boris Becker is the new idol. Another cheering sign: The *Times* reports this straight, with no attempt to make it all sound like a sinister revival of you-know-what.

☐ In the week in which the desperate families of six Americans who have been held hostage in Lebanon—some for two years—sent President Reagan a yellow ribbon urging him to get them back, *Human Events* ran a story on how the Soviet Union handles such situations. It quoted Benny Morris of the *Jerusalem Post* on the kidnapping of four Soviet diplomats in Beirut last summer. After they were kidnapped the Soviets were instructed to stop Syrian militia shelling of Shiite Moslem positions in north Lebanon. The shelling continued. One Soviet diplomat was executed. Then things started to happen. 1) The KGB learned that the Hezbollah (Party of God) held the Soviets. 2) A relative of a Hezbollah member was kidnapped, castrated, and shot by the KGB. 3) The Hezbollah was notified that others would receive the same treatment. 4) The Soviet diplomats were returned.

☐ "Marxists are racists," declares Russell Means, the




*"Pretend you don't notice."*



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militant leader of the New American Indian Movement. There's nothing like a jolt of reality to clear one's vision—in this case, the Nicaraguan persecution of the Miskitos and other Indians. Means, rightly outraged, has gone to Central America to recruit "warriors" to fight the Sandinista regime, and promises that up to one hundred NAIM members from the United States and Canada will join him by April.

☐ "The Freedom Fighter" is a new and useful Washington-based newsletter covering the efforts of anti-Communist freedom-fighters around the globe, as well as the efforts of the freedom-fighters' friends and enemies in Washington. A recent issue led off with a detailed account of the Reagan State Department's attempt to *stop* Congress from aiding the UNITA freedom-fighters in Angola, and included "Battlefronts," a regular feature on the military fortunes of anti-Communist guerrilla groups. For the time being, "The Freedom Fighter" is available free. (Freedom League, 721 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.)

☐ Montana has passed the first unisex law for all kinds of insurance. The law bars consideration of gender or marital status in setting premium rates or policy benefits. The feminists claim victory, but it is likely to be pyrrhic: Actuarial tables will win in the end. Meanwhile, women will have to pay more in categories where they are better risks; and in categories where ideologized rates are unprofitable, coverage will dry up. Entrepreneurs may wish to go into the insurance business in neighboring states: A lot of Montana business is up for grabs.

☐ How can we expect the Western nations to agree on what to do about Kuhdaffee when they can't even agree on how to spell it?

☐ Several of the guns captured after the terrorist attack on the Colombian Palace of Justice were found to have been registered in Nicaragua. The remedy is clear: gun control.

## Connecticut's Favorite

What's to be done with Lowell Weicker?
  Like the last leaf, he hangs on.
Turning to prayer or flailing the air
  Only leaves everyone wan.
Barring divine intervention,
  Senators say they're resigned
He'll be a pill in Congress until
  Voters do something unkind.

W. H. von Dreele

## Gorbachev's Plan

Mikhail Gorbachev has put forward a proposal for both superpowers to abandon all nuclear weapons by the year 2000. In reality, it is a proposal aimed at ensuring that one superpower—the United States—will abandon by the year 1987 all efforts to develop strategic defenses against nuclear weapons.

Like all Soviet arms-control proposals, Gorbachev's scheme is a masterpiece of vagueness, laced with tantalizing near-concessions that are shrouded in caveats and conditions. Most of the Western media, while admitting it may be a ploy, have decided to give Gorbachev the benefit of the doubt. Even President Reagan was caught up in the spirit of the thing, greeting the proposal with gratitude and stating, "It's just about the first time that anyone has ever proposed actually eliminating nuclear weapons." And just when you thought Gorbachev was Darth Vader after all.

President Reagan would have done far better to dismiss Gorbachev's proposal out of hand on the grounds that the manner of its unveiling branded it as a cheap propaganda ploy and violated, moreover, the U.S.-Soviet understanding that arms-control talks would be conducted in private, not public. He might have added that the United States will not consider any proposal whatsoever that makes abandonment of the Strategic Defense Initiative a precondition to further progress—any proposal that says: If you will agree to stop your development of space-based defenses, we will agree to continue our ongoing deployment of ground-based defenses; we might even talk, repeat talk, about offensive reductions.

This is not, by the way, the first time anyone has proposed eliminating nuclear weapons. The Soviets have been proposing "universal and complete disarmament" (coupled with "universal and complete control") for nearly forty years. Gorbachev's latest plan is but the reincarnation of dusty schemes put forward by past Politburos, with the added twist of a timetable and a different precondition. Why is it that successive Western leaders will not learn from the mistakes of their predecessors, who too often exchanged real security for the bait of paper promises from the Kremlin? Western negotiators for four decades now have been driven nearly mad trying to get the Soviets to chip away the crusts of coal from these hints of diamonds. By now it should have dawned on us that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, there.

This proposal originates from the most totalitarian regime in history, founded by a man who advocated deceit as a weapon of politics and peace proposals as a brilliant example thereof. From the very beginning, peace proposals have been for the Soviet leadership but one weapon in an arsenal designed to undermine the will of the West to resist. Alain Besançon, a lead-



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ing thinker among a group of intellectuals who have awakened public opinion in France to the true nature of the Soviet Union, once wrote, "Failure to understand the Soviet regime is the principal cause of its successes." The same may be said of the failure to understand the hollowness of Gorbachev's plan.

## Some Lame Duck

As Congress returns from its recess, President Reagan has taken the political offensive. He has asked for $100 million in aid for the Nicaraguan anti-Communist fighters, including $60 million in explicitly military aid, forget the humanitarian fig leaf. He also indicated his unwavering support for SDI, and his intention of supporting the anti-Communist Savimbi forces in Angola.

Meanwhile, Congress is talking about nothing but spending cuts, and unemployment has dropped to 6.8 per cent, which means that, effectively, we have full employment. Not surprisingly, Ted Kennedy, the principal socialist candidate, has withdrawn from the race. Happy New Year.

## 'Call Rita' Revisited

It is an old playwright's rule that if a rifle is mounted on the living-room wall as the curtain rises on Act I, a shot will ring out by the end of Act III. The enforcement mechanism of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill is more like a shrapnel grenade than a rifle shot, but it too is almost certain to go off before long. Unless Congress acts to endorse an alternative plan, the first set of indiscriminate cuts takes effect March 1; a second and more fearsome set October 1.

A common fallacy is that the law's enforcement scheme is so awful that no congressman really wants to use it. In reality it is so awful that many congressmen are quite interested in using it. The *Washington Post* reports that if a tax increase fails, "some House liberals may be tempted to fight a budget compromise and hold out for across-the-board cuts." The Coast Guard will disappear before food stamps feel a scratch. Moreover, defense must absorb half of all cuts, much more than its share of the budget. If this is "across the board," then the board tilts.

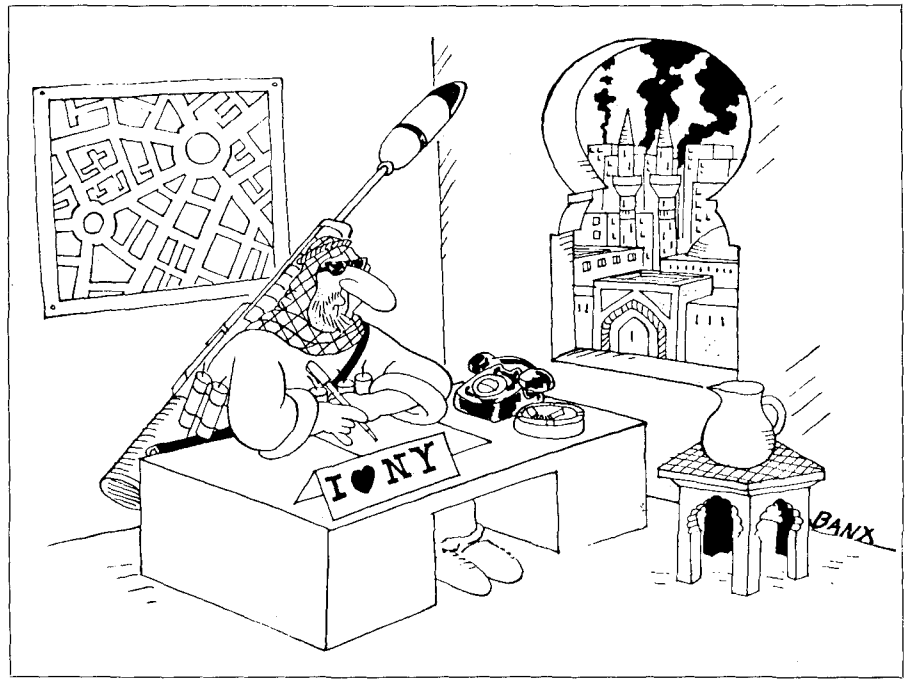
Gramm-Rudman-Hollings is a note scribbled in desperation, a stop-us-before-we-spend-more plea, in which Congress threatens institutional suicide. The budget process has worked so badly that lawmakers have had to change it nearly every year for the past decade. The fiscal disorder reached a peak early in the Reagan years when a major bill was passed in which certain key numbers were missing, and in their place appeared a note, "Call Rita for these figures." This year "calling Rita" gets elevated to a ruling principle of government.

## PEN Fiasco

The acronym stands for poets, essayists, and novelists, and the writers' organization held its 48th annual meeting in New York recently, the largest assembly yet, and inadvertently raised serious questions about the status and authority of writers.

At least since the Renaissance, a governing assumption in Western culture has been that literature and, derivatively, writers should be taken seriously. High culture, Matthew Arnold thought, consisted of the best that has been thought and said. He believed, or hoped, that it would shore up civilization. Robert Frost was more skeptical. He doubted that books made us better, but he thought they raised experience, joy and suffering, to a higher degree of *acknowledgment.*

The most visible writers at the PEN conference trafficked in cliché and stupidity, and seemed to be less interested in writing than in trendy cultural politics. The opening address by George Shultz was roundly booed and his very appearance protested, though he had interesting things to say about the roots of freedom. "It is more than a shame," wrote E. L. Doctorow, "it verges on the scandalous, that those in stewardship of American PEN and the conference should



Banx, *Punch* / Rothco



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## For Valentine's Day, Please

As Mrs. Browning said, there are
So many ways (some quite bizarre)
To indicate one really *cares*,
That Gorbachev, instead of dares
To banish nukes in 15 years,
Could easily allay our fears
By whispering from some divan
He's scramming from Afghanistan.

W. H. VON DREELE

have so violated the meaning of their organization as to identify it with and put it at the feet of the most ideologically right-wing Administration this country has seen." The pushy Grace Paley asserted wildly that Shultz "is as responsible as anyone for the tortures and deaths in South Africa and elsewhere." Erica Jong showed up in a bizarre hairdo, proclaiming against all the evidence of one's senses that women were "invisible" at the conference. The German novelist Günter Grass had a good time proclaiming moral equivalences between the Soviet Union and the United States. The Ohio-born writer Toni Morrison, a black who is a hot ticket on the campus circuit these days, showed up in a huge tropical hat, and allowed that she had never felt herself to be an American. Daniel Ortega's wife, some sort of a poet, appeared in an expensive plunging neckline, accusing the United States of genocide in Nicaragua.

Shelley thought that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the human race, and that is a deep thought. Alexander Pope had a different deep thought when he put most of the writers of his time into a poem called *The Dunciad*. The status of legislator of the human race is one that must be earned, not merely assumed. The smartest remark at the PEN conference was made by the Cuban writer Heberto Padilla. Asked to sign a petition critical of U.S. policy toward Nicaragua, he replied, "I sign only what I write." And Norman Mailer deserves to be complimented for his dignified performance as chairman, one of his very greatest pranks.

## Strange Obsession

NEW YORK's governor was in San Antonio the other day to not campaign, and he gave a strange interview. He isn't running for President, he said, but "slurs" could change his mind and goad him into seeking the White House.

What kind of slurs? Ethnic ones, of course. This has become a preoccupation of Mario Cuomo's, and his latest complaint is with Evans and Novak. He accuses them of saying that "Italians shouldn't run" and that "Italians from the Northeast can't win," and he allowed as how he might go for the Presidency just to refute them.

Actually, what Evans and Novak did was quote a Texas Democrat who doubted that Cuomo would travel well in the South. And so what? Why should Cuomo, who has chosen to play up his being Italian as an asset in New York, suppose that it will be a selling point with Southern Baptists? And why should he choose to construe the observation that it won't as an attack on "my ethnicity"?

In one sense, he's playing both sides of the street, like Geraldine Ferraro, who first complained of anti-Italian prejudice against her, then complained that Italians were guilty of disloyalty in voting for the Reagan-Bush ticket.

The lesson of Mrs. Ferraro, for Cuomo anyway, is that there is a transethnic dislike of whiners. What an off-the-wall reason to seek the Presidency: not the old Vision of a Better Tomorrow, but a personal sense of victimhood. Cuomo has not yet learned that people vote for a man because they are willing to be ruled by him, not because they want to administer therapy to him.

This is but the latest in a series of weird spontaneous remarks by Cuomo, the previous one being a denial that the Mafia exists. He has been variously perceived as a thoughtful intellectual, a street-wise tough guy, an old-fashioned urban ethnic, and a cunning Machiavel. But what seems to be emerging is a real flake.

## Tell It to TASS

FIRST THE Soviets held a press conference to protest "propaganda" movies like *Rocky IV*, *Rambo*, and *Red Dawn*, which portray Communism in an unflattering light. Then they informed ABC that if it proceeded with its projected mini-series *Amerika*—depicting life in these United States after a Soviet takeover—they might crack down on ABC News in Moscow. So ABC temporarily postponed production.

Given the scale of traditional Soviet vilification of America, it takes a heap of chutzpah for them to complain about the Stallone school of cinema. The fact is that none of the offending movies has shown Soviet behavior in a realistically graphic way: no emaciated corpses in Kolyma, no mutilated children in Afghanistan, that sort of thing. This type of film depicts the Soviets as pretty standard Hollywood villains. After all, it's entertainment. It wants the audience to cheer and boo, not get physically sick.

Still, Secretary of Education William Bennett has a point: The Soviets are now trying to control the content of American popular culture. There has been little protest from those liberal voices that habitually



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accuse the Reagan Administration of backing censorship and repression.

What deepens the irony is that Soviet "culture" is almost entirely devoted to propaganda. Yet the West persists in trying to see Communist and free institutions as analogous. Thus Gorbachev is a "leader," and TASS is a "news agency." So we hear our own news reports beginning, "The Soviet news agency TASS today accused the Reagan Administration of . . ." Imagine: "The Reuters news service today accused the French government of . . ." But we are at home with the preposterous.

This would be a good occasion for the Reagan Administration to announce that any harassment of American journalists in Moscow will result in the expulsion of Soviet "journalists" from the United States. That would be one good way of reminding the world that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a Soviet journalist.

## Is Government On The Side of the Thugs?

THE SAGA OF Bernhard Goetz has already achieved deep symbolic status, but it is growing larger and larger in meaning. Before it reaches its dénouement it will be right up there with Dreyfus, Sacco and Vanzetti, Hiss, and Manson, one of those cases that raise the fundamental questions of their time.

Over a year ago, Bernhard Goetz, who had been mugged and robbed before, shot four young black gentlemen on a New York subway. The thugs were obviously going to rob, perhaps even kill him. They had long criminal records, they have committed violent crimes *since* the Goetz incident, and two of them have publicly admitted their intent to rob Goetz.

Nevertheless, New York District Attorney Robert Morgenthau is relentlessly trying to prosecute Goetz. He has not moved against the thugs, even for attempted robbery. It is obvious to everyone which side Morgenthau and, behind him, liberal government is on. It is on the side of the thugs.

The first grand jury threw out the "attempted murder" charge against Goetz and indicted him for illegal gun possession. That was not good enough for Morgenthau. He brought the case before a second grand jury, with "new evidence," and got "attempted murder" restored. Then a judge threw out the indictment on the grounds that the "new" testimony was self-evidently perjured and that the jury had been improperly instructed: that is, it had not been told to take Goetz's previous experience of violent crime into account.

Morgenthau did not give up. He is appealing the judge's decision, and threatening to take the case to a third grand jury if the appeal fails.

What is going on here? Morgenthau will never convict Goetz. No New York jury, with experience of the city, would ever return a guilty verdict against him. What Morgenthau is doing is defending, symbolically, the legitimacy of the current political establishment. He is pretending, against the facts, that the streets are safe, that the subways are safe, that the liberal theories of governance are *working*.

## Sleepy Jim Crowley, RIP

HE RECEIVED his nickname from the legendary Knute Rockne, and then became a legend himself. Rockne spotted the drowsy-looking freshman football player one day and said, "You look like a tester in an alarm-clock factory." Sleepy or not, Jim Crowley had a quick wit. When Rockne found him making mistakes in practice and bellowed, "What is dumber than a dumb Irishman?," Crowley answered, "A smart Swede." (In fact, Rockne had been born in Norway.)

Crowley, the last of the legendary Four Horsemen, may well have been the best of them all. At five feet 11 inches and a meager 160 pounds, he led Notre Dame in rushing in 1922 when he gained 566 yards, and led in passing in both 1922 and 1923. But 1924 was the glory year, when Notre Dame went undefeated and beat Stanford 27 to 10 in the Rose Bowl.

That year, when Notre Dame defeated Army 13 to 7 at the Polo Grounds, Grantland Rice composed for the *New York Herald Tribune* the lead that has gone down in journalistic history: "Outlined against a blue, grey October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction, and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are: Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden."

There was something in American culture during the 1920s that saw things in unembarrassedly heroic terms. The Sultan of Swat, Babe Ruth, hit his sixty home runs in 1927, the same year the Lone Eagle, Lindbergh, flew the Atlantic. Red Grange was the Galloping Ghost, Bobby Jones the golfer, and Big Bill Tilden was dominating tennis in a way no one since has. Jack Dempsey was revolutionizing boxing, Martha Graham the dance, and Ezra Pound poetry. Everything was expansive. Eliot challenged comparison with Dante, Millay with Sappho, Pound with Homer. Hem-

### An Unexpected Pleasure

Let's hear it, please, for George Shultz, who
Turned half the State Department blue
By advocating tit for tat
Next time the Loony One's at bat.

W. H. VON DREELE



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ingway invented a new way of writing, and "got into the ring" with Tolstoy. The "great American novel" was pouring out of dozens of typewriters.

In retrospect it appears that the great figures in sports and in the arts were metaphors for a sense of vast possibility that was at the heart of the culture itself. There have been football players since then as good as Jim Crowley, but, history moving on—Depression, war, postwar cynicism—they have not been metaphors of possibility.

After Notre Dame, Crowley was a successful coach. He coached Vince Lombardi at Fordham. Then he became a businessman. He never lost his verve (or his sense of humor).

He died at 83 in a Scranton, Pennsylvania, nursing home. His place in history is secure.

## Remembering Joe Kraft, RIP

On Day 3 of President Nixon's "Visit" (the word was capitalized on all the baggage labels) to China in 1972, it transpired that the 82 journalists covering the trip would need to travel to Hangchow, where Day 4 would be spent, in two sections, the first section leaving at midnight, the second at 3 A.M. Why? Because the People's Republic of China didn't have an airplane big enough to transport 82 people, only they didn't put it that way, they mumbled something or other about weather or something or other. In fact there was only a single aircraft available, and it happened to be Air Force Two, or whatever the Chinese designation was for the personal plane of Chou En-lai. The reporters drew lots, hoping to make the earlier flight, to wrest a slightly longer sleep from the harried schedule. Half of us lost.

So that it was about four in the morning when Joe Kraft and I, who happened to approach the concierge at about the same time, asked for keys to our rooms. I was given a room number, and happily went off to sleep. Seconds after I closed my door, it opened again, and there stood Joe Kraft. We looked at each other in horror. We were politically apart, but personal relations were cordial. Instantly we knew the difficulty, and so together went back to the desk. Since Joe was much more imposing than I, I suggested he straighten out the mixup with the Red Comrade Concierge. Joe explained that a mistake had been made, that *two* of us had been given the same room. The concierge smiled (they always smile in China, in difficult circumstances) and said that there weren't enough rooms in the hotel to give each journalist his own room. Our faces collapsed simultaneously as we trudged disconsolately back to the single room. At our age, one willingly shares a single room only with one's wife.

But there we were, for two nights. And Joe's urbanity greatly impressed me. The following night he excused himself after the first course, returned in time for the 13th course and the speeches. Where had he been? I later asked. Napping, he said. A profoundly professional sense of timing. That night he felt didactic and told me much about China I did not know, and revealed that he had asked permission to stay over after the rest of us returned with Nixon to Washington —he would write a long piece for *The New Yorker*. My eyes began to close (I had not napped during dinner) and for some reason I remember, at about two in the morning, waking and saying, "Joe, which was the Hanseatic League?" I was asleep before he answered. At four in the morning a KGB-type knock woke us and I went to the door. The People's Republic of China presented me with about thirty pounds of jelly beans. At five in the morning, another knock. The People's Republic of China presented Joe with about thirty pounds of jelly beans. The following day, late in the afternoon, Joe got word: Yes, he could stay on. He asked me please to give him my supply of sleeping pills, which he gratefully put into his toilet bag. He had a lot of reading to do, he said.

A scholarly gentleman, a little rough on people who disagreed with him. But in due course he was to learn that all those views he had lightly contemned were not necessarily thoughtless, and in his own way he made this known. We spent a few hours together while he was covering the 28th General Assembly of the UN, where I was a delegate, and the time or two we saw each other after that were moments of genuine friendship. I bid farewell to a scholar, a gentleman, a former roommate. —WFB

# NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill,

I can't believe after all I've done for you that you would leave me out of your book, *Right Reason*. I guess when people appear on Johnny Carson's show they forget their roots.

Sincerely,
Art [Buchwald]
Washington, D.C.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You write, in your column: "We can see, really, that the problem is endlessly complicated. The lawyers use the term 'slippery slope' abusively. The slippery-slope argument says that if you are allowed to ban pornographic comic books, before you know it, you will be allowed to ban *Ulysses*."

I'm not certain of this, but I believe that a "slippery-slope" argument is one that is related to, but slightly different from, the argument that you describe. I can't, off the top of my head, think of a satisfactory term for the argument you describe, but let's call it



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the "runaway gun." Whatever the appropriate terms, the distinction is, I think, an interesting one.

I believe that "slippery slope" refers to the legitimate line of reasoning that forces an "opponent" up and down a slope to a midpoint on which he must make a stand. For example, one who favors a right to abortion will argue as if a one-day fetus were being compared to an adult. His opponent will force him up and down the slope, making him specify the point demarcating a "non-person" from a "person." This approach is not *sufficient* for successful use of "slippery slope" (because it still behooves the one who uses it to show that his opponent cannot make a successful stand on that spot), but it is a *necessary* step.

A practical offspring of this "slippery-slope" usage might be a claim that the *same* (forced) *decision* would force the abortion-rights advocate to sanction actions that the abortion-rights advocate is not willing to sanction.

A "runaway-gun" argument, a cousin of the practical offspring of "slippery slope," might argue that even if the demarcation line is successfully drawn, people, being people, will move the line back to include, for example, the comatose, then the "disturbed," then the normal infant, etc.

In other words, "slippery slope" is a logical weapon; "runaway gun" is an empirical claim about what will happen under certain conditions (i.e., it is a hypothesis about human psychology).

Similarly, in an argument over censoring pornography: The opponent of censorship could use the *"slippery-slope"* argument that the demarcation line distinguishing the legitimately censorable from the not legitimately censorable is such that the opponent of pornography will be forced to censorship of material that even he (the opponent of pornography) would not be willing to censor (or admit to be willing to censor). Or the opponent of censorship could use the *"runaway-gun"* argument that even if the pornography foe could specify a satisfactory line, the line would, in practice, soon be moved back to include real art or even unpopular political ideas. This is, I think, analogous to your example.

"Runaway gun" is rarely powerful. I think that this is because the evidence for the likelihood of it really happening is always weaker than its invocation requires, and, more importantly, most people's belief in any particular "runaway gun" is determined by what they want to be the case. One who is against abortion and against pornography will inevitably see an imminent threat of euthanasia if abortion is permitted, but no danger of an illegitimate extension of censorship. One who is for a right to abortion, but against censorship of pornography will, with equal vehemence and as little justification, argue the reverse. (It's possible that one or the other is correct—no law says the mechanisms guiding one set of behaviors must be the same as those guiding the others—but present evidence does not justify this assumption or even make it likely.)

Hope the holiday season treated you well.

Sincerely yours,
Steven Goldberg
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Goldberg: Well you have certainly treated me well. My thanks for your illuminating distinction. Cordially, WFB

☐ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

I thought you would like to see this tribute to your penmanship from our friend Bob Strother.

Dear Priscilla:

You will be interested to know that when I handed a local handwriting analyst a sample of brother Bill's chirography, she angrily handed it back, declaring that she would not be victimized by a clumsy hoax. It was not the product of a human hand, she said, surmising that it might have been made by a seismograph with the croup. She gave me my dollar back.

Of course I defended Bill's penmanship by saying that it was no more difficult than Etruscan, once you decided which side was up.

My son-in-law's handwriting is a good rival for Bill's. A cryptologist once told him that if Jean-François Champollion had decrypted some Helms for practice he could have saved himself at least six months in decoding the Rosetta stone.

All best,
Bob
Cuernavaca, Mexico

Dear Bob: Perhaps what you struggled over was a holographic attempt to explain the Gramm-Rudman bill? Ordinarily, professional cryptographers have no trouble in handling my penmanship. Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My wife and I have been married for five years and have been somewhat undecided about when to start having children. Since we found out that you are writing children's books, there is no need to wait any longer. At least now we can rest assured that philistinism will not prevail.

Cordially,
John M. Bullard
Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Mr. Bullard: My book *The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey* is designed for eight- to 13-year-olds. I have made a note to send you a copy eight years and nine months from this date. Congratulations to you both. Cordially, **—WFB**



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—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

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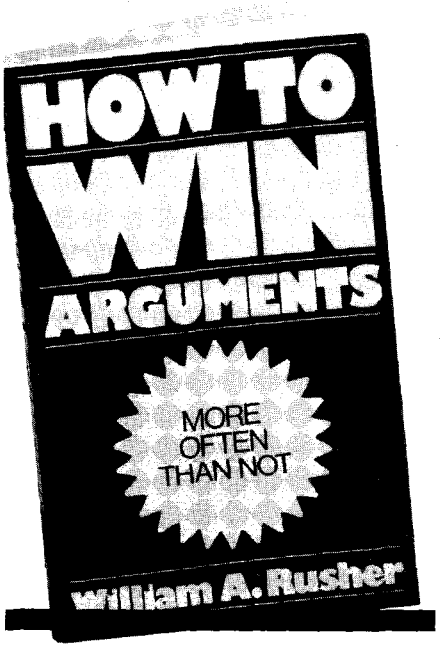


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# HEADING TOWARD '88

How did the 1988 GOP presidential aspirants fare in 1985? For the most part, respectably well, although some more respectably than others.

Established front-runner George Bush may not have enjoyed "a tremendous '85," as one of his spokesmen crowed to me; but he didn't "stumble" either, as Charlie Cook, editor of a Washington political newsletter, observes. "Bush has good people running his campaign, and he will stay the favorite until at least early next year," Cook adds. In a recent Free Congress Foundation (FCF) poll of self-described Republican and Democratic conservatives, 82.7 per cent viewed Bush favorably (Republicans, 88 per cent). "The Vice President's deep loyalty to the President is going to push those numbers even higher," predicts a seasoned Republican Senate staffer. More than all else, perhaps, Bush's sensitivity and tact last summer during and after the President's cancer surgery built conservative confidence in him, causing activists like Paul Weyrich to remark how greatly the Vice President's level of acceptance with the Right, even the Hard Right, had been underestimated.

As the year wore on, however, the Vice President's wooing of conservatives may have become obsessive and ultimately *de trop*. Bush keynoted a memorial dinner for newspaper publisher William Loeb, who in 1980 had called him "a hypocrite," "a preppy," and "a clean-fingernails Republican," urging readers of his *Manchester Union Leader* to shun Bush's candidacy "as if it were the plague."

Jack Kemp, the darling of the Right, had a relatively bad year in 1985, losing much of the momentum gained at the 1984 GOP convention. Vacillation was Kemp's problem, notably on tax reform and on South African sanctions. *Corruptio optimi pessima*: When an ideologue vacillates, he damages both his leadership standing and even the rationale for his political being. Kemp probably can't expect to gain much ground until things heat up in late 1987.

Some observers, nevertheless, are upbeat about Kemp. "There's a demand in the country to shift the agenda to the right," says Stuart Rothenberg, editor of *The Political Report*. "If Kemp capitalizes on it, he'll be a force to be reckoned with over the long term."

Robert Dole heads the second tier of GOP aspirants. Last year, the Senate Majority Leader had his differences with the President on a whole range of issues, including South Africa, Social Security, voting rights, and tax reform, but he also won the respect of the White House and his colleagues for building consensus, for political suavity, and for keeping the agenda moving. Unfortunately, Dole has yet to convince the New Right that his traditional conservatism comports wholly with its agenda. The Majority Leader's candidacy could also be hurt badly if November's incoming Senate is split 50-50, or even 51-49. Then Dole would be needed for every key vote (and Bush for many of them). The time that could cost Dole, plus the normal demands of running the Senate (for which he has a natural taste), may keep him in the outside lane indefinitely.

Howard Baker's presidential star fell meteorically in 1985. Most GOP strategists describe his chances as, at best, "a long shot." "You've heard the expression 'gone but not forgotten,'" says one GOP political consultant. "With Howard, it's 'forgotten but not gone.'" The ex-Senate Majority Leader's separation from the national Reaganite conservative drift (more by image than in ideology), plus his dull-edged folksy manner, may keep him out of the race altogether.

Jeane Kirkpatrick is mentioned regularly (and lovingly) by conservatives here as Veep on a Bush or Kemp ticket, or even as heading her own ticket. The ambassador has begun to flesh out ideas on domestic policies, and when interviewed continues to exhibit a residual, almost primal, ambition. Yet Professor Kirkpatrick (she's back at Georgetown) shows no real political hunger, no I-want-your-vote look and I'm-ready-to-work-for-it willingness. Rather, she goes in for an academic this-is-how-it-is *hauteur*. But if Jeane were to get the fire in the belly, staff up, start talking on camera as trenchantly as she does off, there'd be no stopping her.

Pat Robertson, the Reverend Chairman of the Christian Broadcast Network and host of TV's *700 Club*, has been "prayerfully considering" a run for the Presidency since mid-1985. Given his political inexperience and his several this-demands-explanation theological *pensées* of the faith-healing genre, the best Robertson can expect is to cut marginally into Kemp's vote.

Former Delaware governor Pierre (Pete) du Pont IV was touted in numerous circles last year as an Emerging Party Leader. Traveling the country ostensibly to raise $5 million for GOPAC, his political-action committee targeted on grass-roots party building, du Pont surprised everyone by the energy and breadth of his platform appearances. He is a speculative option for Vice President on a ticket with a Western conservative—say, George Bush, if Bush can be made to look Texan—but a Bush/du Pont coupling runs the risk of appearing WASP to the *n*th degree.

Where does this leave us? The 1986 winter book is that Bush will get the nomination because of his credentials and his loyalty. Kemp will get the number-two slot if the economy holds. But isn't there bad blood between Bush and Kemp? Oh yes—almost as bad as between JFK and LBJ. □



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# CAPITAL BULLETINS

## Congress Covers Up Soviet Space Weapons

The recent congressional ban on further testing of the Air Force's anti-satellite (ASAT) missile guarantees that the current Soviet monopoly on space strike weapons will continue indefinitely.

One of the most underrated and misreported space systems in history is the Soviets' orbital ASAT weapon, their "killer satellite." First tested in 1968 and operational since 1971, the Soviet killer satellite has been camouflaged by Soviet spokesmen ("We will never be the first to put weapons in space," promised Andropov in 1983) and dismissed as virtually useless by American arms-control apologists. The so-called Union of Concerned Scientists in Cambridge, Massachusetts, calls the Soviet ASAT "cumbersome and inflexible," "rudimentary," "very unreliable . . . based upon 1960s technology," and "rather clumsy." Within a single month in 1984, both *Time* and *Newsweek* called it "crude." The motivation of both classes of deceivers, foreign and domestic, seems parallel: to prevent the development of an equivalent American system.

The leader of the drive to halt development of an American ASAT missile is Representative George Brown (D., Calif.), chairman of the Subcommittee on Transportation, Aviation, and Materials of the House Committee on Science and Technology. Brown's "Peace Report" newsletter for October 1985 claimed: "The truth is that the Soviet ASAT system is not only crude, it hasn't been tested in three years and its last six tests were failures. No real threat exists from the Soviets in this field." Since Brown is widely regarded by his congressional colleagues as an expert (because of his committee duties, NASA has even invited him to take a ride on the space shuttle), his words carry great weight with them. Indeed, his evaluation of ASAT weapons formed the basis of the congressional moratorium.

But Brown's information is disinformation. There have been twenty known Soviet ASAT launchings in 15 years, and the test results are not seriously disputed—just ignored. In the first phase, 1968 to 1971, seven tests were made. The warhead was launched by a modified SS-9 ICBM, went into orbit, and passed twice around the earth while closing in on a specially instrumented target satellite. A few of the first warheads failed to destroy their targets. But the last four tests in a row were perfect, prompting the Soviets to make the system operational. Several boosters and warheads were placed on standby at the Tyuratam spaceport in Soviet Central Asia. The pads were among the first ones snowplowed after winter storms, testifying to the high state of operational readiness of the space attack weapons.

A second phase of test flights occurred in 1976 to 1978. Several improvements, mostly in guidance systems, were tried, and failed. But one test flight during this period used the standard system, and again it worked perfectly. A third phase, in 1980 to 1982, involved more tests of improvements, which still did not appear to work. But this phase also included the sixth straight success for the standard two-orbit radar-guided system.

A careful juggling of statistics, however, allows "space freezers" such as Brown to denigrate this system. Brown and company ignore differences among guidance systems and lump all tests (even the first tests in the late 1960s) together. Since the operational system requires no further testing, only occasional "troop-training" flights, it does not figure largely in the most recent test statistics, thus allowing detractors to claim that the Soviet space weapon's reliability has actually been dropping over the past decade. This is a classic case of "lying with statistics."

Yet it has worked. In Congress, a concerted lobbying drive by the so-called Coalition for Peaceful Uses of Space resulted in a stunning upset defeat for the Reagan Administration. On June 26, 1985, the House of Representatives voted 229 to 193 to ban testing of the American ASAT missile against targets in space so long as the USSR abides by its own self-proclaimed (and fraudulent) ASAT moratorium. On June 12, the Senate had passed a weaker resolution by the lopsided vote of 61 to 28 (testing would be allowed only if accompanied by sincere attempts at negotiations). And by mid-December the House and Senate had both accepted (in a continuing budget resolution) a ban on testing. In need of money to keep the government going, the President signed the bill.

Brown and his friends had won. "It's an absolute triumph," said Representative Les AuCoin (D., Ore.). "We did more for arms control in five hours than has been done in the last five years." Representative Norman Dicks (D., Wash.) agreed: "That ban was what we really wanted."

But what Brown, AuCoin, Dicks, and others seem really to have wanted was to deceive Congress and the public about the danger of the Soviet killer satellite, and to whitewash the system as "nothing to worry about." Once that deception was accomplished, the emasculation of the American response was easy.

—James E. Oberg

## Right-Wing Squabble Risks Senate Seat

A crucial contest in the Republicans' uphill battle to retain control of the Senate this year will be over the seat of retiring Senator James East of North Carolina. But Republican prospects are being endangered by intra-party squabbles.

Democrats regarded this seat early on as a promising chink in Republican armor. Then the two strongest potential Democratic candidates, former Governor James Hunt and Duke University President Terry Sanford, both declined to run. (Sanford has since rejoined the race.) That made things look good for the Republicans until an exceptionally bitter fight for the Republican nomination divided not only the North Carolina GOP and North Carolina conservatives, who dominate the party, but conservative activists in Washington as well.

The two Republican contenders are Representative James T. Broyhill, a



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popular veteran, and David Funderburk, a college professor and former ambassador to Rumania. The Congressional Club, a well-funded and powerful PAC with strong ties to Senator Jesse Helms, not only supports Funderburk; it is trying to turn the contest into an ideological struggle, promoting its candidate as the true conservative and strongly, some would say viciously, attacking Broyhill as a moderate or even liberal Republican. Yet Broyhill, the founder of the modern GOP in North Carolina, whose entry into the House in 1962 made him the first Republican to crack the Solid South, has a conservative voting record and the support of many important conservative leaders and groups.

Broyhill's career rating from the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action is 88 per cent; the National Taxpayers Union gives him a career score of 88 per cent as well, the American Security Council gives him a 96, and the AFL-CIO's political arm, the Committee on Political Education, rates him at only 9 per cent. He also has the support of the Fund for a Conservative Majority, the nation's second largest PAC. In response to criticisms of Broyhill, FCM chairman Robert Heckman argues: "It is important that we nominate not just conservatives but strong conservatives with proven legislative experience, candidates who have the best chance of winning."

Funderburk has no experience in elective politics. That weakness showed when he confounded his own conservative supporters by answering a question on abortion with the remark that "every individual has to draw his own conclusion" and "it's something we shouldn't impose on other people." Later, after protests from pro-life leaders, he clarified his remarks, assuring them of his pro-life stance.

If Broyhill is clearly the best bet politically, and probably more conservative than the average GOP senator, why the fight? It may be that the Funderburk campaign's prime purpose is to give the Congressional Club a vehicle to reassert its waning influence over the North Carolina GOP. In 1982, congressional candidates backed by the Congressional Club almost invariably were defeated. In 1984, Ronald Reagan took the state with nearly 60 per cent of the vote, and the GOP picked up more House seats there than in any other state except Texas. But Senator Helms, a two-term incumbent and the man most visibly tied to the Congressional Club, lagged behind in his race for months and barely pulled out a narrow victory at the last minute. (Helms has remained neutral in the Broyhill-Funderburk fight.)

So, as things stand now, the GOP may lose one of the most important 1986 Senate races because of an all-conservative faction fight over control of the North Carolina GOP. But these things don't go unnoticed. In the long run, the Congressional Club's attention to its own self-interest may do it more harm than good.

—Fred Mann

## Tonight's Forecast: Sky Not Falling

A few years back the House Republican Study Committee, a research group sponsored by some conservative Republicans, drove Hill Democrats crazy by assembling a list of far-out, left-wing, even marginally disloyal Democratic comments on American foreign policy. Now the House Republican Research Committee (sponsored by the GOP leadership) is having fun with a paper called "But the Sky Didn't Fall," an assemblage of Democratic predictions about the economy under Reagan. Some highlights:

► In April 1981 the House Democratic Caucus argued that "It is foolhardy to try to combat inflation with a massive across-the-board tax cut whose immediate effect would be to make it much worse."

By 1982, inflation had fallen to 3.9 per cent from the Carter double-digit rates.

► In the Democratic convention keynote address that made him a presidential contender for 1988, Mario Cuomo told his audience to "ask those Republican investment bankers" what interest rates will be "a year from now," implying that if they dared tell the truth the country would terminate the Reagan Administration.

Exactly one year later the prime interest rate had fallen from 13 per cent to 9.5 per cent.

► Uncounted Democrats protested Reagan's free-market energy policies. Democratic Representative Ike Skelton insisted that natural-gas prices would "go through the ceiling" as a result of the partial decontrol completed in 1985.

They dropped.

► Representative Ron Dellums predicted $1.80-a-gallon gasoline (Senator Howard Metzenbaum plumped for $2) as a result of decontrol.

Within two years the average price had dropped five and a half cents, despite continued inflation.

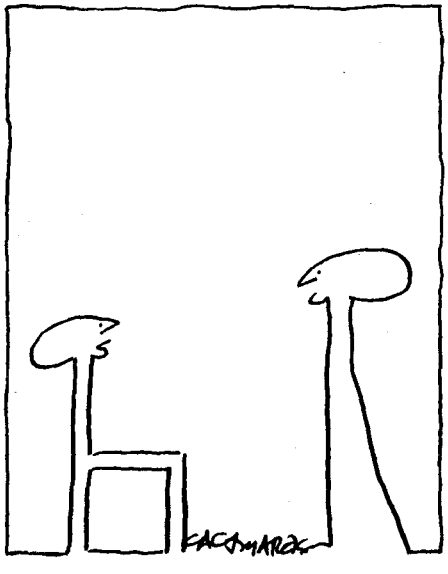
► One of Gary Hart's "new ideas" was that the Reagan Administration was sacrificing the American economy to OPEC.

According to the *World Almanac*, between 1981 and 1984, oil imports from OPEC countries dropped by more than a third.

► The juiciest quotations are those that show Democratic leaders all but praying that Reaganomics would precipitate an economic collapse. In late 1982, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan opined that the economy was "on the edge of a world crash." Tip O'Neill in February 1983: "Tight money, trickle-down tax cuts, and cruel budget cuts have brought the economy of the greatest nation in the world to its knees." Walter Mondale in May 1983: "The evidence of recovery is ambiguous at this time." (You can't blame a guy for trying.)

By the end of 1982, recovery had already started. GNP growth reached 3.7 per cent by the end of 1983, five and a half million jobs were created from 1982 to 1984, and 1984 GNP growth totaled 6.8 per cent

—Walter Olson



*"Yes, I'm the chairperson. What can I do for you?"*



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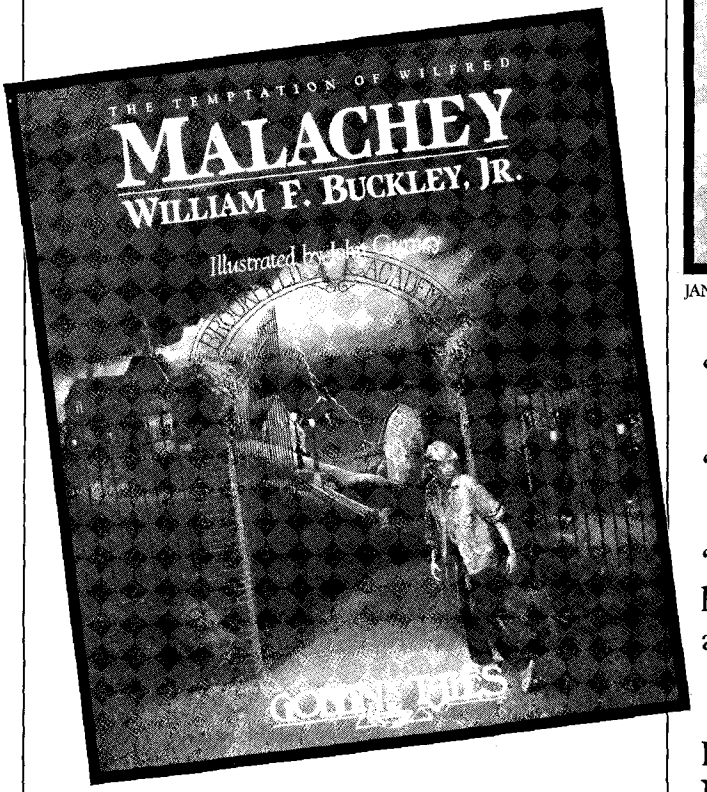
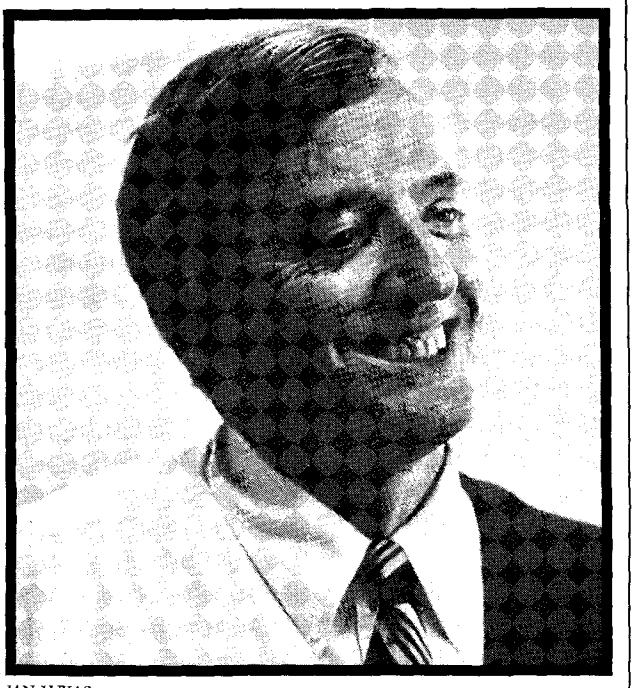
# William F. Buckley, Jr.

*His first book for children is a "marvelous tale"*

## THE TEMPTATION OF WILFRED MALACHEY

After writing 24 books for adults, the syndicated columnist and editor of the *National Review* has turned his gift for wit and suspense to a morality tale for boys and girls. "I kind of like odd challenges," explains Mr. Buckley—whose widely praised story is about a youngster who encounters a demonic IBM 4341 mainframe at his New England prep school and struggles to make right triumph.



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# RESPONSE TO TERRORISM

By the time these lines appear it is more than possible that the "armed reply" to terrorism foreshadowed by the U.S. Administration, and the reprisals threatened by Israel, will have materialized. My object here is to examine the problem of terrorism and international response to it.

The state of international law on this question is lamentably vague and inadequate. Is there, however, a possible virtue in this vagueness? Can definitions be reasonably stretched to justify retaliatory action? If not, what improvements might be made, if any?

Two texts are at least obliquely relevant. One is the "definition of aggression" adopted by the United Nations General Assembly, without a vote, on December 14, 1974. I am thinking in particular of Article 3 (g), which refers to "the sending by or on behalf of a state of armed bands, groups, irregulars, or mercenaries, which carry out acts of armed force against another state of such gravity as to amount to the acts listed above [i.e., aggression], or its substantial involvement therein." The terrorists who fired on innocent bystanders in the Rome and Vienna airports certainly constituted an "armed band." The questions then arising are whether they were sent by "a state," and whether the acts were committed against another state.

As to the first question, if there is an element of doubt, it is surely pretty tiny. Both the Rome and the Vienna outrages were the work of perhaps the most extreme of the Palestinian terrorist groups, Al-Asifa, better known as the Abu Nidal group after the code name of its leader, Mazen Sabry al-Banna. The point is that Abu Nidal operates from Libya. The Abu Nidal group is reported to have received a cash handout of more than $11 million from Colonel Qaddafi after last November's hijacking of the Egyptian Boeing that landed in Malta.

One wonders what the reward will be for the Rome and Vienna jobs. After all, Libya's official news agency, JANA, praised these particularly revolting deeds as "heroic." If a "state" knowingly harbors terrorists, rewards them, and praises them, then surely it qualifies as an aggressor under the 1974 definition?

But were the "acts of armed force" carried out against "another state"? Strictly speaking, the Abu Nidal terrorists were targeting passengers misguided enough to wish to use the Israeli airline, El-Al. Still, the fact remains that by using firearms in another state's territory they were violating that state's territorial integrity, and also its sovereignty (not to mention the damage to property).

The other relevant text is the North Atlantic Treaty, specifically Article 5, and Article 6 as revised in October 1951 to provide for the accession of Greece and Turkey to NATO. Article 5 begins: "The parties agree that an armed attack against one or more of them in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all. . . ." Article 6 said much the same thing, but specifically named Turkey, most of which is geographically in Asia.

It does seem to me that the attack in the Rome airport qualifies as "an armed attack" against one of the signatories of the North Atlantic Treaty (the Vienna attack does not, since Austria is neutral under the State Treaty of 1955). But then another question arises: Can concerted action by NATO be taken against Libya under the terms of the treaty? In other words, is Libya outside the treaty area? The area of the treaty was in fact defined as Europe, North America, the North Atlantic north of the Tropic of Cancer, and the Mediterranean. Libya is undoubtedly a Mediterranean state, but it could be argued that since it only forms part of that sea's southern boundary, it is out of bounds.

My own approach to this problem never has been legalistic. The problem is that action taken by any Western democracy is open to legalistic scrutiny and therefore to popular and demagogic pressure. The essential requirements of any international counter-terrorist action are a) that it should be swift, not protracted, and b) that it should succeed. The American interception of the Egyptian airliner met both criteria and made President Reagan even more popular than he already was. It even drew praise in Europe (although David Owen, the onetime Labour Foreign Secretary and now leader of the Social Democrats, felt he had to go on record as disapproving of the action on the ground that it breached international law). President Carter's action to rescue the American Embassy hostages being held in Iran failed on both counts; so, one might say, did Israel's invasion of Lebanon.

## *No Joke*

Qaddafi really is a problem, and far from a joke. In a statement on New Year's Day, he denied involvement in the Rome and Vienna massacres, despite the praise heaped on them by his news agency. But he warned that any attack against Libya could trigger a major Middle East war.

Better still, in a little-reported major speech on December 19, addressing the Libyan "General People's Congress," he called for reprisals against Italians for the alleged damage inflicted on Libyans while Libya was an Italian colony. He also called on his people to do their daily stint of firearms practice, much as they would go to market or the mosque.

Libya under Qaddafi is an international danger, calling for decisive action. If international law is inadequate to deal with the problem, then new law may be needed. □



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# WHAT THE SYNOD WROUGHT

THERE WOULD seem to be no earthly reason why the seating arrangement of the French National Assembly in 1789, with its divisions between "left," "right," and "center," should be mixed up in debates about the nature of the sacraments or the meaning of salvation. In fact, however, there is every too earthly reason why this is so. The "extraordinary synod" that Pope John Paul II convened in Rome from November 24 through December 8 addressed a church that had become thoroughly politicized.

Since the end of the Second Vatican Council twenty years earlier, the politics of the world and the life of the Roman Catholic Church had become deeply entangled. Most of the bishops at the synod seemed to think it was, to borrow a phrase from the U.S. Supreme Court, an excessive entanglement. Church opinion was politically polarized on almost every question—from doctrine to liturgy to mission to lines of ecclesiastical authority. One camp was "progressive," another "traditionalist," and in between were Catholics, perhaps a majority, who called themselves "centrists" in the wan hope that the political quarrels would go away and the Church would once again attend to the business of being the Church. On the eve of the synod, bishops, curial cardinals, and the Pope himself did not hesitate to describe the situation as one of "crisis." And the crisis, they all said, was precisely over what it means to be the Church. Or, in theological terms, it was a "crisis of ecclesiology."

As we left St. Peter's after the synod's concluding Mass, a traditionalist leader remarked, "It was a clean sweep for us. Now we'll have to convince our people not to crow about it too much, or else we could end up being guilty of the partisan spirit that we accuse the opposition of promoting." He was, in the view of this Lutheran observer, certainly right in his second remark and almost entirely right in his first. The synod was a victory for conservatives. It was a victory for conservatives, that is, if Joseph Ratzinger is a conservative. According to his more fevered critics, Cardinal Ratzinger, the head of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (CDF), is not a conservative but a Neanderthal reactionary who would, if he could, "bury Vatican II" and "drag the Church back into the dark ages of inquisitorial oppression." Such critics seldom miss an opportunity to point out that the Congregation headed by Ratzinger used to be called the Holy Office, a/k/a the Inquisition (although not, they admit, the particularly nasty Spanish one). The instruments of torture, we are invited to believe, are stored in the cellars of the Congregation and have been recently cleaned and polished. Late at night the cardinal visits them there. "Soon, my pretties," says he, rubbing his hands in gleeful anticipation, "soon we will have work for you again."

## *A Man of the Council*

IN TRUTH, Cardinal Ratzinger seems personally unthreatening. At age 58, he is slight in build and gentle, even self-effacing, in manner. For many years a professor of theology, and then archbishop of Munich, he was the Pope's particular choice to become prefect of the CDF in 1982. Around the Vatican it is regularly said that Ratzinger is "the Pope's man." Of course one might assume that that is true of everyone working in the Curia, but it is not said of everyone, indeed it is not said of anyone in the way it is said of Cardinal Ratzinger. Professor Ratzinger was a *peritus* (theological expert) in the deliberations of Vatican II and—like Karol Wojtyla, who became John Paul II—was recognized as "a man of the council." He was thought to be a progressive, but by leading progressives he was more respected than acclaimed. Unlike, say, Hans Küng, and like Karol Wojtyla, he did not count it Catholic progress to abandon Catholic substance. In the view of his enemies (and the intensity of many of his critics does warrant the term enemies), Ratzinger has moved from being a moderate, perhaps timorous, progressive to having become the Grand Inquisitor and scourge of open inquiry. One progressive American theologian told me, "His is a classic case of selling out."

In his four years in office Cardinal Ratzinger has violated notoriously the much publicized secrecy of the Vatican. Through lectures, articles, and interviews he has tried to communicate with critics and supporters alike. Were the content of the communication other than it is, the style would be celebrated by those who call for an "open Church." As it is, Ratzinger's unprecedented accessibility has gotten mixed reviews. In fact the champions of openness were noisily outraged when, in August 1984, the cardinal submitted to an interview extending over several days and expressed himself with remarkable, some thought astonishing, candor. The result is a 197-page book that appeared last fall in English and immediately became a best-seller (*The Ratzinger Report*, Ignatius Press).

Those who were distressed by the ideas set forth raised questions about whether Ratzinger had in fact said what he is reported to have said. If the book is not authentic, opined the liberal *Commonweal*, it is a "journalistic scandal"; if it is authentic, it is an "intellectual scandal." Whether Ratzinger's views are deemed scandalous or bracing, there is now no doubt that he personally approved the book, and that the views are his. Nor is there much

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doubt that his views are shared by his friend John Paul II, whose chief aide Ratzinger is in giving theological guidance for the Roman Catholic Church. "Quite simply," said a close associate of the cardinal, "it is the most important book for the Catholic Church since Vatican II." By the end of the Extraordinary Synod it was evident that—as many had feared and many others had hoped—*The Ratzinger Report* had set the agenda.

"This is not a synod around a book, it is a synod around a council," Godfried Cardinal Danneels, archbishop of Brussels and a spokesman for the synod, publicly protested in response to journalists' repeated questions about the influence of Cardinal Ratzinger. He protested necessarily, but he protested too much. Necessarily, because in a synod the voices of all the bishops are equal, even if some are more equal than others. And necessarily, because the Pope, not Cardinal Ratzinger, convoked the synod, and he convoked it to celebrate, clarify, and promote the teachings of Vatican II. Yet Cardinal Danneels's protest was not entirely convincing, since the key question at the synod was: What are, and what are not, the teachings of Vatican II? On that question the voice of Joseph Ratzinger—given the mix of personality, competence, energy, and office—is more equal than any, possibly excepting the Pope. Anyone who doubts that the synod was working off Cardinal Ratzinger's agenda has only to make a point-by-point comparison between *The Ratzinger Report* and the interventions and documents of the synod, the most important document being the Relatio Finalis (final report).

As did not happen with earlier synods that dealt with more limited questions, the Pope promptly lent his authority to the results of this synod (a synod is not a legislative body, but merely advisory to the Pope), accepting and praising the Relatio Finalis and ordering its immediate publication. There have been numerous and often conflicting interpretations of Vatican II, but in its overview of the council twenty years later the 1985 synod represents the most authoritative interpretation to date. Given the close fit between *The Ratzinger Report* and the Relatio Finalis, the former is an indispensable aid to understanding the latter.

Like the synod, and against the demands of some extreme (which is to say, very untraditional) traditionalists, Ratzinger's *Report* makes clear that there can be no possibility of "retracting" or "rolling back" Vatican II. As an ecumenical council, Vatican II can no more be revoked than can the nineteenth-century First Vatican Council, or the sixteenth-century Council of Trent, or, for that matter, the fifth-century Council of Chalcedon. In fact, it is among Ratzinger's major complaints that there has been a tendency to isolate Vatican II from the continuities of Church history. People speak of a "post-Vatican II Church" and a "pre-Vatican II Church" as though Vatican II inaugurated a new Church. The ironic result is that would-be champions of Vatican II make its authority suspect by abstracting it from the history within which and for which it is authoritative. Even worse, according to Ratzinger, such people speak incessantly about "the spirit" of Vatican II but evidence a cavalier indifference toward, if not ignorance of, "the texts" of Vatican II. (Playing off St. Paul, Eliot remarked that "the spirit killeth but the letter giveth life," and, at least in this connection, Ratzinger would seem to agree.) It was frequently observed by synod fathers that two-thirds of today's Catholic bishops did not participate in Vatican II, and it was sometimes implied that most of them had not read the documents of Vatican II.

## *Dreamy Fanaticism*

RATZINGER and the synod insisted that the text and the spirit of Vatican II must not be opposed to one another. At the synod the affirmations of Vatican II as a "gift of grace" were repeated and sometimes verged upon the effusive. Everyone wanted it understood that, if much had gone wrong after Vatican II, the Council was not the cause. And yet, delicately in public and more candidly in private, synod fathers acknowledged that Vatican II made two massive errors in judgment. The first was the vast overestimation of the solidity of Catholic teaching and practice. In the late 1950s the Catholic world seemed "rock bottomed and copper sheathed," as Daniel Webster said of the Union. Historians have noted that Vatican II was the first council that was not called in response to a perceived crisis, which is why more than one curial official thought Pope John XXIII was not thinking very clearly when he called it.

The second error was an astonishing naïveté about the nature of the modern world. Renewal would come, it was thought, through *aggiornamento*, an "opening to the world," in which the Church would discover its mission in seconding and sanctifying the human project. A few years earlier non-Roman Christians in the World Council of Churches had unfolded the banner, "The world sets the agenda for the church." The predictable consequence was that the mission of the Church in the world became the mission of the world in the Church. As liberal Protestantism was consumed by endless programs of presumably world-transforming fussy benevolence, so Catholics were giving way to what Ratzinger calls a "dreamy fanaticism" motored by the utopian illusions of theologies "stamped by the typical mentality of the opulent bourgeoisie of the West."

## *A New Idolatry*

VATICAN II had invited Christians to read "the signs of the times." As befits an official synod document, the Relatio puts the matter rather gingerly: "The signs of our times do not exactly coincide, in some points, with those of the time of the Council." There is, for instance, a secularism that is implacably hostile to transcendent truth, without which the Church and its message do not make much sense. An uncritical embrace of the modern world subordinates the Gospel to the opposite of transcendence, which is an "immanentism" of crude, and frequently cruel, this-worldliness. As the Relatio describes it: "This immanentism is a reduction of the integral vision of man, a reduction which leads not to his true liberation but to a new idolatry, to the slavery of ideologies, to life in reductive and often oppressive structures of this world."

"Transcendence" is crucial to understanding the synod, as it is crucial to Ratzinger's *Report*. The loss of transcendence and the growth of immanentism have resulted in what the synod Relatio calls "deficiencies and difficulties" that constitute "shadows in the post-conciliar period." Ratzinger speaks repeatedly of a "crisis" and states flatly that "it is incontestable



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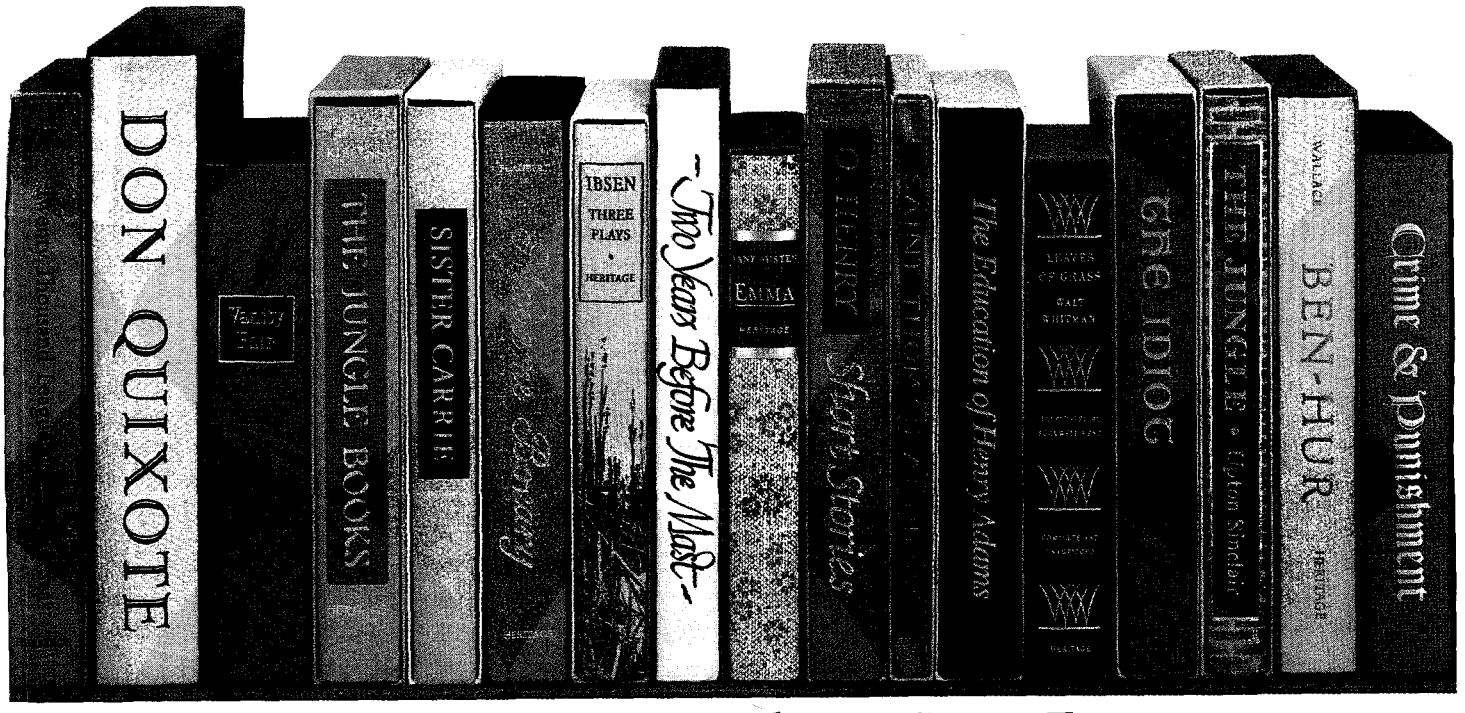


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that the last ten years have been decidedly unfavorable for the Catholic Church." Between Ratzinger and the Relatio there is a difference in tone, with the synod speaking more obliquely at points and attempting to accent the hopeful. But, as the catalogue of "deficiencies and difficulties" makes clear, there is little difference in substance.

## *Africa Speaks*

IN SORTING through the issues, the synod attempted, with considerable success, to rise above or even transpose what has been meant by "left" and "right," "liberal" and "conservative." For example, nationalism is conventionally thought to be conservative, while a global perspective is deemed liberal. But it was the "progressives," notably from North America and the United Kingdom, who pressed to give the national bishops' conferences a quasi-autonomous role in the "magisterium" (teaching authority) of the Church. This was effectively opposed not only by those who are jealous for Rome's prerogatives, but, more importantly, by bishops who wanted to protect their own freedom to teach and to lead. In the United States, for instance, some bishops increasingly chafe under the procedural manipulations of bureaucrats attached to the bishops' conference. In most other countries of the world more independent national conferences would be that much more vulnerable to control by hostile regimes. The theological point was made again and again that the Catholic Church is not constituted as a mere federation of national churches. Progressives said they were contending for "decentralization" against the allegedly stifling centralization of power in Rome. The bishops responded, in effect, by saying they would rather be accountable to Rome than to national church bureaucracies, or to their government's Ministry for Religious Affairs.

The transposition of stereotypes applied to other "liberal" and "conservative" positions. For instance, progressives habitually assume they are speaking for the poor against the rich. At the synod, however, the bishops of Africa and Asia in particular repeatedly insisted that they would speak for themselves, thank you. This synod was dramatic evidence that, in terms of numbers, growth, and spiritual vitality, the Roman Catholic Church is predominantly a Church of the Third World. Bishops from the poor countries minced no words in indicating that they held the churches in the industrialized societies responsible for most of the "deficiencies and difficulties" afflicting contemporary Catholicism.

Whether the point under discussion was the "decadence" of feminism, or the exportation of oppressive ideologies, or the desire to increase the power of national episcopal conferences, the bishops from Africa and elsewhere wanted it understood that the British/European/American agenda was not theirs. An African bishop complained that the churches in the developed countries were eager to send him help for programs of social change but were unresponsive to his pleas for help with evangelization and the "spiritual" mission of the Church. He confessed to being puzzled by the priorities of the rich. (There may, of course, have been an element of anti-Americanism in the resistance to U.S. efforts to elevate the authority of the bishops' conferences. As another African bishop is reported to have said privately, "You Americans have the money, you have the United Nations, you have the power to blow up the world. Now you want the power to blow up the Church.")

Similarly, it is thought that progressives oppose "triumphalism" and favor a church of service and discipleship. In tone and substance, however, this synod rejected the triumphalism of the Left that would create a "new Christendom" through radical social and political change. It underscored the Church's calling to walk "the way of the Cross," with its only power being its faithful witness to God's revelation in Christ.

A synod of 1971 had declared that "action on behalf of justice and participation in the transformation of the world fully [appears] to us as a constitutive dimension of the preaching of the Gospel, or, in other words, of the Church's mission for the redemption of the human race, and its liberation from every oppressive situation." In some cases—notably among "liberation theologians" in Latin America—the 1971 formulation had been turned to mean that political action is equivalent to preaching the Gospel, indeed that solidarity with the oppressed in the class struggle is the same thing as the Gospel promise of salvation. Clearly repudiating this as a distortion, the 1985 synod declared that it is the "primary mission of the Church . . . to preach and to witness to the good and joyful news" of God's saving acts in Christ, and to point a pilgrim humanity to the "eschatological character" of a promise that awaits supra-historical fulfillment in the rule of Christ. Against the notion of class struggle, the synod declared that the Church is "a sacrament, a sign, and an instrument of unity and of reconciliation, of peace among men, nations, classes, and peoples."

Thus, in its work of constructively confusing what is "left" and what is "right," the synod portrayed the "pro-

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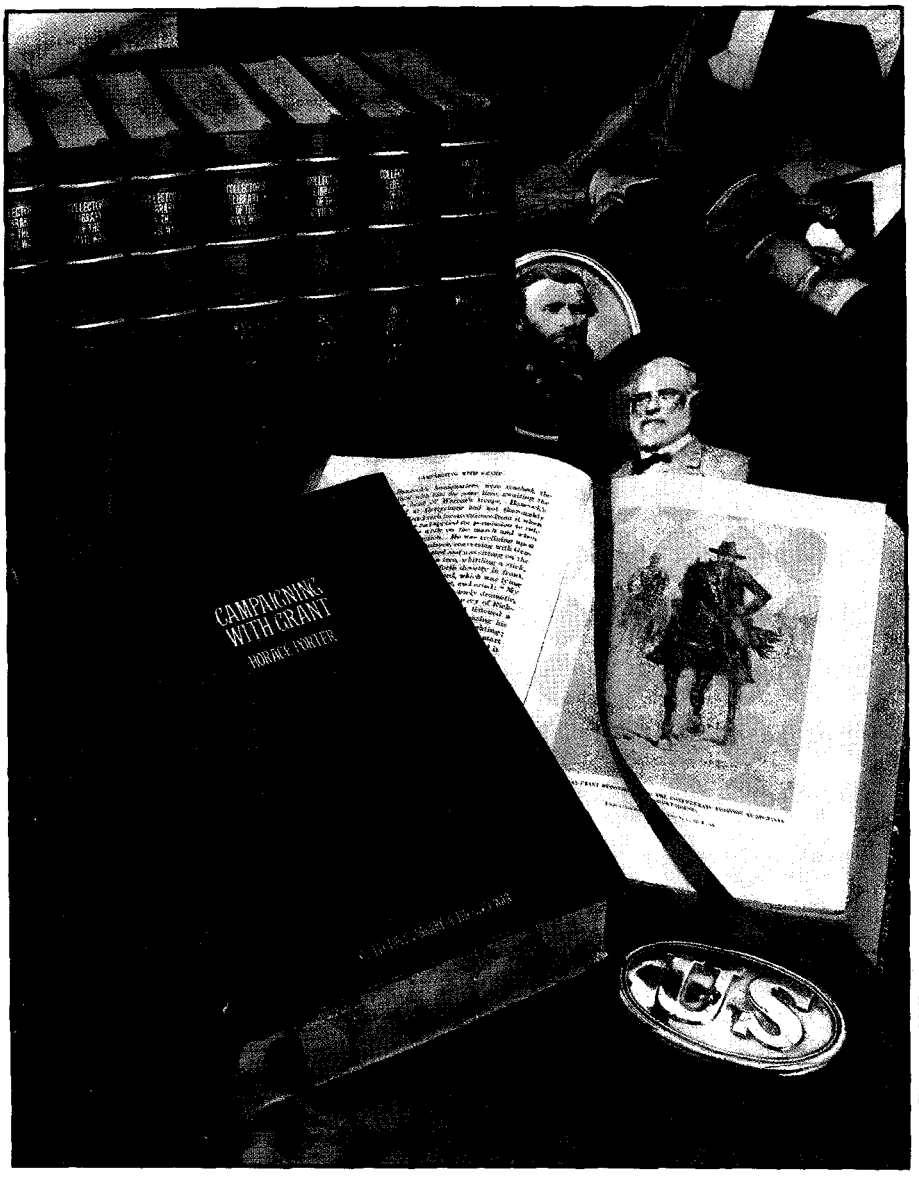


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gressive" position as being nationalistic, flawed by the hubris of the rich, and triumphalist in its political ambitions. Against these propensities, it called the Church to universality, to heeding the authentic voice of the poor, and to servanthood as a pilgrim people shaped by transcendent promise. The Church, it was said again and again, must be understood as a divinely constituted "mystery," and not as a humanly constructed agent of worldly purposes. In addition, the synod's statements on the "universal vocation to holiness" lifted up the responsibilities of the laity. This theme undoubtedly will be developed in a synod on the laity scheduled for 1987, which is expected to counter the clericalism of "progressive" bishops and priests who have in recent years felt called upon to prescribe in detail the right ordering of the world, from MX missiles to marginal tax rates.

Toward the end of the synod I discussed with two very progressive, and very unhappy, priest observers what term might best describe the change signified by the synod. Restoration? Renewal? Redirection? "I don't like any of them," said one. "Why does there have to be a change? What's wrong with the way things have been going?" Thus the final irony of the synod, it would seem, is to have turned the "progressive" position into the defense of the status quo.

One Catholic editor, perhaps a trifle irreverently, called ecumenism "the dark horse" of the synod. By this he meant that ecumenism had not been expected to fare well in a synod determined to redirect the Church into the paths of orthodoxy. Ratzinger's *Report* had some hard words for allegedly compromising accommodations in the search for unity with other Christians, and ecumenism has been viewed by many traditionalists as a liberalizing and relativizing enterprise. Prior to the synod, rumors abounded that the Secretariat for Christian Unity would be sharply downgraded. However, at the meeting of cardinals just before the synod itself, the Secretariat and its work received a resounding vote of confidence. The synod was very much of the same mind. The Relatio declares that ecumenism has now "inscribed itself deeply and indelibly in the consciousness of the Church." It goes on to emphasize that ecumenism is not simply about improved relations with non-Roman-Catholic churches but is premised upon the intention that "the incomplete communion already existing [may] come to the point of full communion." In an unprecedented ecumenical service at the synod, John Paul II flatly declared, "Divisions among Christians are contrary to the plan of God." Those who are the bearers of Christ's reconciling mission, he said, "must themselves be reconciled." For the first time since Vatican II the cause of ecumenism has been firmly claimed by what is called the party of orthodoxy in Rome.

## *Scorecard*

"RATZINGER WINS!" was the banner headline in at least two Italian dailies at the conclusion of the synod. I believe they were right, but what difference will the synod really make? Bishop James Malone of Youngstown, Ohio, who represented the U.S. bishops' conference and tried in vain to get more authority for such national conferences, declared himself "more than content" with the synod. "What difference will it make in what you'll do when you get back home?" he was asked. "I'll continue to do what I have been doing, except with greater confidence," said he.

On the question of who won and who lost, Bernard Cardinal Law of Boston, who politely but firmly distanced himself from Bishop Malone at critical points, said, "The Church won." Those who had reason to be less than ecstatic about the synod's outcome responded variously. Some said it was an irrelevant exercise in reaction. Others claimed the synod had not really said anything substantive at all. The editor of the liberal *Commonweal* urged his readers to interpret the synod "with dogged hope." There were about seven hundred journalists accredited to cover the synod, and most of them treated the affair as something of a yawn. They were disappointed that there were few overt confrontations and no blood on the floor. "What is all this talk about transcendence and mystery?" asked one. He had come to cover hot issues, such as revolutionary *praxis* and women's ordination. He did not understand that those, *inter alia*, were the issues addressed by the synod, but they were addressed in what was to him and most other journalists the foreign language of theology.

E. J. Dionne of the *New York Times* was a rare exception in recognizing the historical significance of the synod. Quoting the synod's statement that it is the Church's task "to cooperate for a return of the sacred so that we will overcome the secularism of our time," Dionne writes: "There are few better summaries of John Paul's own priorities. Twenty years after Vatican II opened the Church to the world, this challenge to modernity is emerging as the heart of Catholicism's new agenda."

Those who claim that the new agenda will make no difference are in fact saying that there is no effective leadership in the Roman Catholic Church. St. Augustine said, "Rome has spoken; the case is concluded." Fifteen hundred years later some bishops say, "Rome has spoken; we appreciate the input." Nonetheless, Rome has ways to give its words effect.

There is, for instance, the synod's commissioning of a universal catechism or "compendium" based upon Vatican II and first proposed at the synod by Cardinal Law. "Don't worry about that," Bishop Malone told a 38-year-old reporter. "You won't live long enough to see it completed." The bishop may be right, but others say there will "soon" be such an authoritative guide for the development of instructional materials throughout the Church. (One Vatican wag suggests that Cardinal Ratzinger has already written it.) And, although it is not the most edifying consideration, it is obvious that Rome's speaking has consequence when one remembers that the Pope still appoints and promotes bishops. It is fair to assume that those who have ambitions in the Church (ambitions to serve, of course) will not be inattentive toward the new agenda.

The "recovery in Rome," then, is not a recovery accomplished but a recovery promised. Twenty years later, it may signify the real beginning of the renewal proposed by Vatican II. Cardinal Danneels spoke of three phases. First there was the phase of "post-conciliar fervor." That, he said in words of elegant understatement, was followed by the phase of "a certain disappointment." "The third phase," he declared, "will be one of balance, rereading, and recovery." If, as may very well be the case, it initiated the third phase, the extraordinary synod of 1985 will prove to have been extraordinary indeed. □



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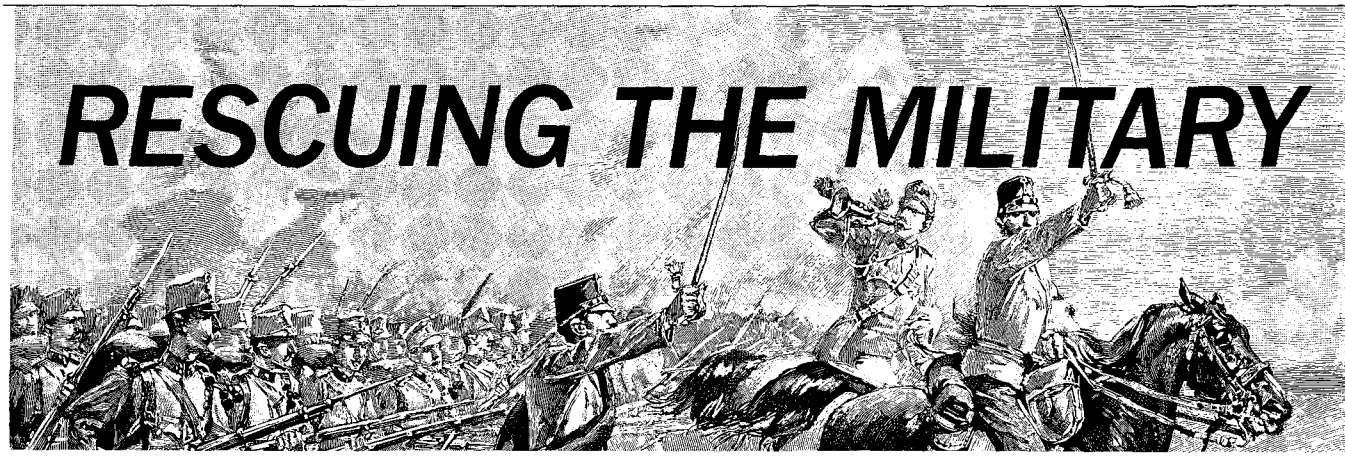
# RESCUING THE MILITARY



TIME WAS WHEN critics of the military all sounded more or less like George McGovern. You could get a dose of vintage McGovern as recently as two years ago, during the Iowa caucuses. Then, in that marlinespike Prairie whine which, but for the attractions of graduate work in history and the Henry Wallace campaign, might have graced a pulpit instead of a political platform, the former senator took his litany to every Iowa church and high school. America scarcely deserves any military at all, it puts what it has to such wicked uses. The defense budget could easily and prudently be cut by 25 per cent. We should have "the courage and the common sense" to not build "one more nuclear weapon." The reason for the gender gap was that women saw through Ronald Reagan's "macho, John Wayne" image. And so on.

The recipe for responding to old-style anti-militarism was correspondingly simple: wave Old Glory, point out that the Soviets were goons, and vote for bigger arsenals. Of late, however, a new kind of military critic has appeared on the scene. The new critic recognizes—or, at least, does not deny—that America is good and the world dangerous. He argues, however, that America's military stands in need of drastic overhaul. It gives too little bang for too many bucks. Its problems are structural and cannot be cured by mere infusions of cash. Such arguments appeal to liberals, in whom the instinct for Pentagon-bashing is still strong; and indeed, the most prominent politician among the new critics has been McGovern's former campaign manager, Gary Hart. But they also appeal to conservatives' anti-Washington streak. "Why," Paul Weyrich asks, "should conservatives trust a bureaucrat just because he's in uniform?"

The military-reform movement, as the new style of criticism is called, developed out of the preoccupations of a handful of military analysts and intellectuals in the mid-Seventies. Pierre Sprey, a special assistant in the office of the Secretary of Defense, and John Boyd, an Air Force colonel (now retired) and a veteran of the Korean War, helped to design what eventually became the F-16 fighter. William Lind worked as an aide to Senator Robert Taft Jr. until Taft lost his seat; he was then picked up by Senator Hart. Franklin Spinney was a civilian analyst assigned by the Pentagon to study tactical air forces. The thoughts of these men, stimulated by the push and pull of their day-to-day work, soon took broader turns, which they began expressing in papers and briefings.

The Pentagon briefing—a lecture based on a series of charts—is one of the more painful means of communication devised by man. The most interesting (and most painful) reform briefing, Colonel Boyd's "Patterns of Conflict," ran five hours and ranged from the battle of Marathon to the blitzkrieg. Its theme could be put into one sentence: If you think faster, you live longer. Its best-known concept was the "OODA-loop," a model of combat behavior. Boyd argued that all fighting men, from grunts to commanders-in-chief, constantly go through a four-stage cycle: "seeing" the world around them, "orienting" themselves to what they have seen, "deciding" what to do as a result, then "acting" (since SODA is an unfortunate acronym, "seeing" became "observing"); fighting men who go through the cycle faster than their enemies win. In Boyd's view, a host of implications, tactical and moral, flow therefrom.

Sprey and Spinney were concerned with hardware and cash. Sprey's briefing, "The Case for More Effective, Less Expensive Weapons Systems," asserted that complicated weapons were often outfought by simpler ones. Spinney's "Defense Facts of Life" argued that the spending patterns of the Pentagon—skewed by, among other things, an infatuation with complexity—yielded a military that was smaller, weaker, and less well-prepared than it ought to be. Lind was omnivorous in his interests, but tended to concentrate on history and tactics, *à la* Boyd.

The reformers' first political break came in 1980, with the founding of the Military Reform Caucus by Hart and Representative William Whitehurst (R., Va.). Unlike most bipartisan ventures, the caucus was transideological as well: Hart we all know about; Whitehurst's ADA rating was zero. The reformers' big PR break came the next year, with the publication of *National Defense* by former Carter speechwriter James Fallows. Fallows was an evangelist of the reform prophets; his book was a digest, in English, of their positions on organization, training, and weapons procurement. With Fallows, reform broke out of the Beltway, into B. Dalton's. As the movement burgeoned, it became increasingly heterogeneous. Dina Rasor, an energetic young promoter, founded, with Libertarian backing, the Project on Military Procurement, a clearinghouse for spending hor-

*Mr. Brookhiser, the new Managing Editor of* NATIONAL REVIEW, *is the author of* The Outside Story: How Democrats and Republicans Re-elected Reagan, *to be released by Doubleday in April.*



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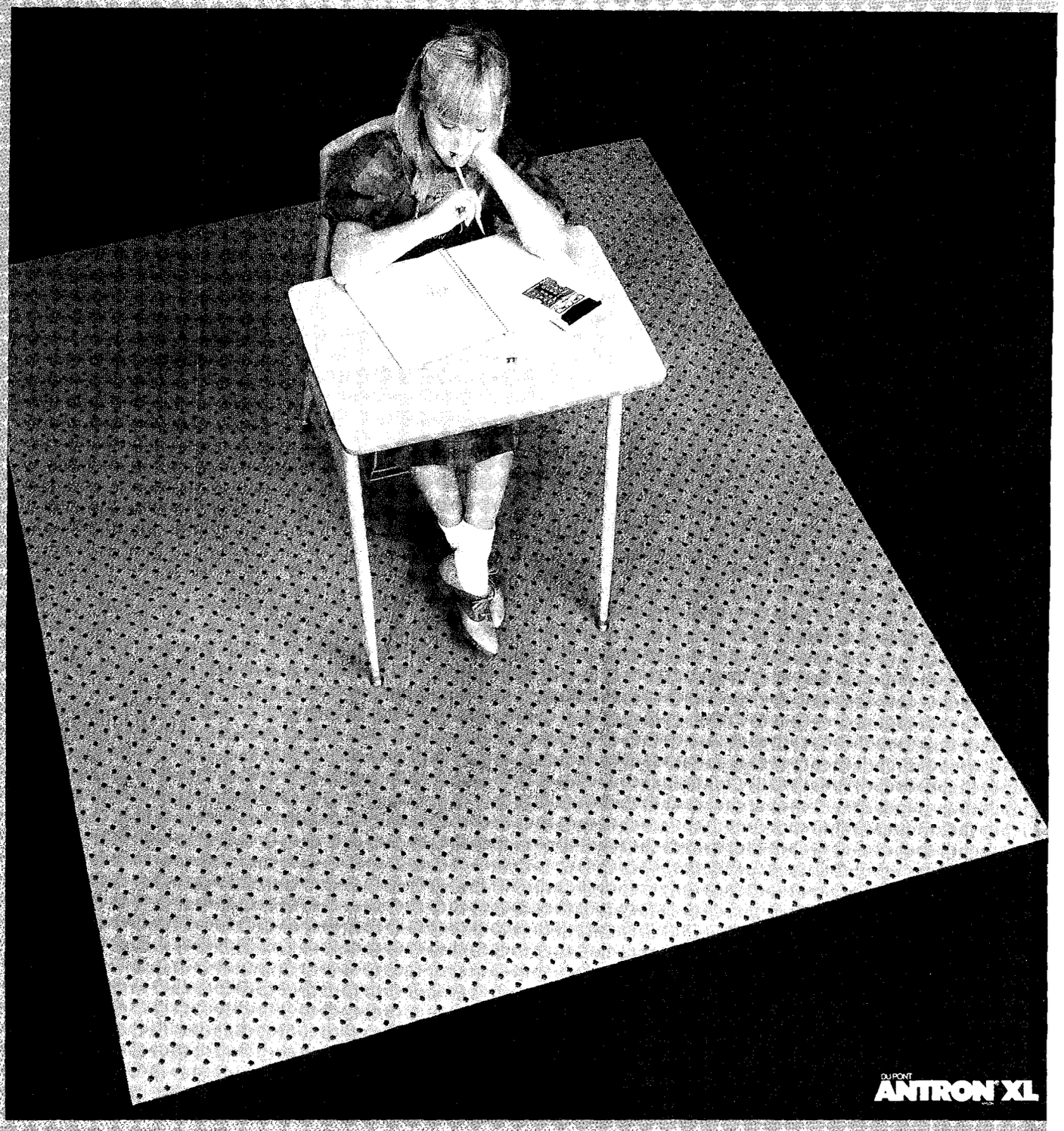


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ror stories (it was they who discovered the $7,000 coffee pot on the C-5 transport plane). Edward Luttwak, a somber intellectual at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, collected the articles he had been writing for *Commentary* and other periodicals and published them as *The Pentagon and the Art of War.*

Today reform is everywhere. Like supply-side economics, it has grown from a cult to a byword. Reformers, and would-be reformers, have ideas on every aspect of military policy and military life, from balance sheets to the souls of fighting men. Some of their suggestions hit home; some are arguable. Some are downright silly.

THE ASPECTS OF the military-reform movement that have captured the most political attention concern those subjects with which politicians, and Washington in general, feel most comfortable: dollars, and organization charts. Unfortunately, these are the reform arguments that are the least intelligent.

The favorite target of the accountants among the reformers is procurement: "welfare queens," Senator Charles Grassley (R., Iowa) calls military contractors; a "welfare program for engineers," a former OMB staffer calls contracting. The overspending, the inefficiencies, and the sheer fraud range from small change (the coffee pots) to the multi-million-dollar level (still small change, compared to the overall Defense budget, but impressive enough). The Pentagon is worried, by the perception and by the reality. Thus, Secretary Weinberger feels compelled to write letters to newspapers boasting that the Defense Department debarred 402 irresponsible contractors in 1984, "five times more than in 1980." Secretary of the Navy John Lehman appointed a Competition Advocate General in 1983; the House Appropriations Committee credited him with saving over a quarter of a billion dollars on six ship contracts.

Some of the concern is misplaced. Luttwak, in one of his more combative essays, "Why We Need More 'Waste, Fraud, and Mismanagement,'" points out that many of the bloated price tags, particularly for small items, are the product of regulations designed to guarantee punctilious bookkeeping, or to fulfill nonmilitary goals. "The elaborate contracting procedures, the complex cost accounting, and the minute specifications that work well enough in the purchase of major weapons are now indiscriminately applied to all purchases. . . . Thus we create the $2 paper clip, . . . tested in both Arctic and subtropical conditions, . . . and fully documented to show compliance with . . . cost-accounting regulations, environmental rules, and small-business 'affirmative action' goals." Inefficiency, Luttwak goes on, may be in some cases a "prudent investment." A small factory, strained to the limit, may produce a weapon at low cost in peacetime; but a large, under-used plant, inefficiently turning out the same number of weapons, may be better able to increase production in war. Standardization, a money-saving goal of all civilian businesses, is also not necessarily a military goal. Weapons that are all built in the same way—and behave the same way in combat—are easier for the enemy to get used to and knock out.

The real problem with the "welfare-queen" analogy, however, is the same problem critics of the welfare system get into by focusing on welfare queens. The system may do the most harm, not when it breaks down, but when it runs well—or, at least, as it's intended to run. Spinney argued, in a second briefing, "The Plans/Reality Mismatch" (1982), that the only rational explanation for the Pentagon's procurement process was that it was geared not to acquire the best weapons, but "to *start up* and preserve *individual procurement programs.*" Since the Pentagon works and receives money on a weapon-by-weapon basis, individual projects become desirable in themselves: It is important to begin them and vital to sustain them, whatever their ultimate value on the battlefield.

Spinney's solution was a macro-planning office, attached to the Secretary of Defense, "consisting of no more than twenty people." (If Spinney can find me a Washington office with no more than twenty people, I'll take more interest in the solution.) But the real fault is as much Congress's as the Pentagon's. Reformers rarely criticized Congress in the early years (they knew who their target audience was). One of the few who does so now is Representative Jim Courter (R., N.J.), who argues that Congress's item-by-item oversight of individual Defense Department projects itself promotes waste and discourages strategic planning. Congressional micro-management has, ironically, increased as military reform has acquired political cachet; in 1983, the Pentagon answered half a million phone calls from Capitol Hill. Courter and others propose, as legislative remedies for the legislative tangle, mission budgeting and two-year budgets. Mission budgeting, instead of passing on weapons one by one, would appropriate sums for the accomplishment of military goals, to be allocated among the weapons that prove to be most effec-

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tive. Under two-year budgeting, Congress would vote money in the first year and consider broader questions of doctrine and strategy—now scanted—in the second.

The issue the shufflers of organization charts have fastened on is reform of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In 1982, General David Jones, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs, scored its "cumbersome committee processes." Luttwak has called it "a weekly gathering of gentlemen" with "procedures appropriate" to the "management of a municipal gas company." The Joint Chiefs, a postwar creation, was designed to give the President a source of common counsel. But the services, jealous of their independence, insisted that it be a virtually powerless body, a kind of Polish Senate. As a result, responsibility and authority get bucked back and forth between the Chiefs and the services; decisions are controlled by a pallid, bureaucratic consensus. The solution offered by Luttwak, Lind, and others is a General Staff of planners and strategists, controlling its own promotions and taking up the bulk of its officers' careers. There are tactical reasons why such a system is thought to be necessary, which I will mention later. The responsibility problem is real, though creating a General Staff seems to be a rather mechanical, on-paper way of dealing with it. As a solution to the surplus of do-nothing officers—also a very real problem—it is incredible. Centralization would breed more of them, not winnow them out.

To the extent that misspending and flabbiness in the high command are diagnosed as exclusively bureaucratic problems, they will be given bureaucratic solutions, which amount to no solution at all: tinkering here and there, or more of the same. Things go wrong on ledgers or in the chain of command because they have first gone wrong in men's minds, and looking only at the ledgers and the chain of command does not address the problem. The proponents of stricter congressional oversight or a General Staff would drain a swamp by flooding the roads.

THE EARLY REFORMERS made their names, and lavished much of their best thinking, not on these issues, but on discussions of specific weapons. Or so it must seem from casual journalistic accounts. But the discussion of every weapon was embedded in arguments about strategy and tactics.

The weapon that has prompted the most passionate military-reform debates is undoubtedly the fighter plane. It has also called forth the establishment's most competent (and virtually its only) defender, Colonel Walter Kross, a pilot in Vietnam, who also spent six years in the Pentagon, cheek by jowl with the Air Force reformers.

Tactical air—planes designed for battlefield and theater support, not strategic bombing—became the favorite case study of Spinney and the getting-and-spending school of military reform, since it offered a military program whose budget, almost uniquely in the post-Vietnam period, did not go down. The results, according to Spinney, were horrendous. Despite tactical air's stable budget, the number of airplanes in its arsenal decreased. The planes it had were frequently unable to fly; spare parts were scarce, maintenance was bottle-necked, and training time in the air was perilously low (pilots were flying an average of fewer than 15 practice sorties per month throughout the mid-Seventies; Israeli pilots, by contrast, were flying more than 35). These problems, Spinney asserted, were directly traceable to the complexity of the aircraft involved. Because the planes cost more, there were fewer of them; in order to buy as many as possible, the Air Force scrimped on money for spare parts and maintenance; because they were more complicated craft, they broke down more often and took longer to repair; hence they sat in their hangars, while pilots moldered. The Air Force's only solution to the problems was to spend yet more money—relying on a continued political consensus, which was in fact "fragile."

When the planes did fly, the reformers charged, they weren't so hot. The reformers' dream fighter was the Korean War–vintage F-86 (Boyd had flown F-86s). In a number of seemingly important respects, the reformers recalled, the F-86 was outclassed by the competition, the MiG-15; what the F-86 could do was shift from maneuver to maneuver more quickly, taking the MiG pilots by surprise (in Boyd's terminology, getting inside their OODA-loops). In consequence, the kill ratio of the F-86 was ten to one.

This was the kind of fighter Boyd, Sprey, and their comrades hoped to re-create in the F-16. They built a prototype, the YF-16, as small and light as possible; all bulky and heavy high-tech electronic gear was ruthlessly stripped away. In the end, they were only partly successful; on its way from YF to F, the plane fell back into the hands of bureaucrats besotted with technology; the Air Force management team swelled from 25 to two hundred, the contractor's team from 150 to 1,500. "The greatest fighter since the F-86," as Fallows called it, was cumbered with state-of-the-art goodies such as BVR (beyond visual range) capability—useless in combat, the reformers claimed, since kills in dogfights require visual identification. Because of a wrong-headed obsession with fanciness for its own sake, the reformers charged, the F-16 had been made heavier (and thus less maneuverable) and bigger (and thus more visible): in a word, worse.

Colonel Kross took up these issues in his counter-blast, *Military Reform: The High-Tech Debate in Tactical Air Forces* (1985). The F-86, he notes, was in its day an expensive and "advanced" aircraft; its maneuverability was a result of new hydraulic flight controls. The reformers have fudged its kill rate; against Soviet pilots in the early days of the war, it achieved a margin of just under five to one, comparable to the kill rates of phases of the Vietnam War. There *was* a "readiness nadir" in the Seventies, but it was exacerbated by such factors as the price of oil, and maintenance crews' lack of experience with the new machines. Now, thanks in part to the reformers' hollering, readiness is improving. Finally, Kross argues, if the consensus for sustained defense spending is "fragile," the reformers themselves bear a share of the blame.

A battle as bitter as any dogfight rages over the interpretation of an exercise conducted at Nellis Air Force Base in 1977 and 1978. The exercise, which had one of those winning military acronyms (AIMVAL/ACEVAL), pitted a force of "complex" planes—including F-16s and their even more complicated cousins, F-15s—against the Air Force's budget models—F-5s. The reformers tout the exercise as a humiliation of complexity. One on one, the glamor planes triumphed. But when the match-ups went to four on four —closer to actual dogfight conditions—the differences (in Fallows's words) "washed out." No fair, says Kross; the conditions of the test imposed numerous unrealistic restric-



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tions: all daylight flying; no attacks on "enemy" airfields; no surface-to-air missiles; above all, no beyond-visual-range identification permitted.

It is nearly impossible for a civilian whose experience of airplanes is limited to the Eastern Shuttle to evaluate these claims and counterclaims. Kross, however, makes a compelling point: that the establishment attempts to "think . . . beyond the limits of the visual dogfight." The dogfight itself, Kross argues, has expanded. When Israel invaded Lebanon in 1982, its F-15s and F-16s had a kill rate against Syrian pilots of 85 to one. Naturally, much of that mind-boggling margin was due to the difference in skill between Israelis and Syrians. But the Israelis also used beyond-visual-range radar and surveillance to set up their encounters. The dogfight isn't everything. Groundfire typically accounts for nine-tenths of all kills; suppressing it, Kross argues, requires planes armed with "smart" weapons (anathema to reformers). Enemies, finally, do not always oblige by attacking in sunny skies; during the classic bad-weather engagement, the Battle of the Bulge, Allied planes averaged one sortie per week.

The struggle over the fighter (like the struggles over dozens of other weapons, from the main battle tank to the aircraft carrier) is not simply a question of hardware or price tags. The question of the fighter is important to the military-reform debate because the early reformers themselves picked it as the clearest example of the rightness of their criticisms of Pentagon procedure. If the high-tech/low-tech-fighter question turns out to be much less clear-cut than the reformers say it is, that is because it is in fact not ultimately a question of hardware or price tags. There will be times when only a clutch of F-15s and F-16s can do the job; times that require a swarm of F-5s. The proper mix of planes is, in other words, a strategic question—and a debatable one.

THE MOST IMPORTANT military questions, then, turn out to be strategic ones. If this seems like too small a truth to be arrived at after so much huffing and puffing, that is symbolic of the amount of misinformation and faulty thinking, on both sides, that must be cleared away. If questions of weapons shade insensibly into questions of strategy, questions of strategy also shade into questions of morale and esprit. It is on such questions that the reformers—the best of them—are most profound.

The reform indictment of the military's thinking and behavior has been detailed and comprehensive. Looking about them in the mid-Seventies, the early reformers saw a military characterized by bad doctrine, incompetence, and loss of military spirit.

The military doctrine of the Army struck reformers as particularly inept. The Army's key tactical handbook, *Field Manual 100-5*, issued in 1976, focused chiefly on a possible conventional war in Europe. The major influence on the men who devised it had been the Yom Kippur War three years earlier. The new destructive power of battlefield weapons—the Israelis had lost as many as sixty tanks a day—impressed and disturbed the Army. Soviet arsenals might be able to take that kind of a beating; not American ones. The Army's response was a doctrine called Active Defense. Desperate Defense was more like it. The


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manual declared that the Army must "prepare to win the first battle of the next war." In order to accomplish that, the doctrine called for a heavy forward defense, with reserves thrown into the front lines.

The doctrine, wrote Lind, expressed a "Maginot mentality. . . . Preparing to lose a war honorably is a useless pastime." But there was also intense criticism from within the Army. The cavalier treatment of the tactical reserve seemed particularly lamentable. "Where is your *masse de manœuvre*?" Churchill had asked the French General Staff incredulously at the time of the fall of France (they didn't have one).

This was theory. But the military also has a record, and in recent years it had been doleful. The Vietnam War, of course, was lost; without apportioning blame among the military, the politicians, and the domestic Left, it is worth noting that morale was erratic, and strategy (body-counts) obtuse. America's post-Vietnam ventures have been equally inglorious. The Iranian rescue mission ended in catastrophe hundreds of miles and many hours away from its objective; it was a jumble of confused commands and institutional grandstanding. At Desert 1, there were three senior colonels on the ground from three different services; none with clear authority. The helicopters that crashed fatally were Air Force machines piloted by Marines who were unfamiliar with them, and who seem to have been assigned the job to give every service a role. The Marines killed in Beirut in 1983 served under a commander who had no authority to choose a defensible location, and no responsibility when they were slaughtered. The rescue of Grenada was a victory—after three days, at odds of ten to one. Out of five commando missions, undertaken at the same time as the main landings, three—directed against a prison, a radio station, and an airfield—failed.

If the military has forgotten how to win, the reformers believe, that is because it has forgotten that it fights. The military has reaped the consequences of a pair of decisions made forty years ago. After World War II, it was decided to maintain a large officer corps, capable of absorbing a general mobilization. To keep the leadership young, it was also decided that officers had to be promoted, or leave ("up or out," as it is called). But since one key to promotion is variety of experience, the system encouraged rapid changes of post; and since the system was so top-heavy in relation to the actual combat duties to be performed, there was a plethora of administrative and management posts to be filled. The effects, say the reformers, have been deadly. Commanders rotate in and out of units before they truly know what they are doing, and before their subordinates know and trust them. As late as 1979, tenure in command was only 18 months. Lieutenant General Edward Meyer, Army Chief of Staff, raised it to thirty months; when he retired, in 1983, it dropped back to 24 months. Shuttlecock officers adopt the mindset of civilian suburbanites. "All over America," wrote Luttwak, "officers live much as insurance salesmen, junior executives, high-school teachers, or plumbers do. Just like them, these nine-to-five officers fight traffic to get to work. More than most, they try to be good neighbors, active in the local PTA, and timely in mowing their lawns."

A staff psychologist at the National Defense University has noted that there is no difference between the personality profiles of the military men studying there, and of business executives he also tests. West Point has 13 academic departments, none devoted exclusively to military history (a dozen courses in the History Department—a quarter of its offerings—might conceivably fit that description). Flipping through the current catalogue, I spotted one course, "The Arts of War," that turned out to be about the *Iliad* and *The Good Soldier Schweik*. In reformers' minds, the decay of performance and personality were directly related. Vietnam and Desert 1 were what might be expected from a corporatized, civilianized military.

The theory of combat espoused by Lind and Boyd, in contrast to the doctrines of Active Defense, has come to be called "maneuver warfare." Its flashiest exponents in this century were the commanders of the early blitzkriegs. (At times, the Germanophilia of the reformers can get a little tiresome—also a little overdone. "You will be hor-

## Sinking the Navy:

ONE OF THE top priorities of many military reformers is the reform or abolition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The standard charges against the JCS appear, at first, to be fairly straightforward: As one would expect from a committee, the JCS provides military advice of questionable quality; because the members of the JCS are also the chiefs of their respective services, they are unable to set aside parochial biases, particularly on procurement questions; since unanimity is required before the JCS can take a position, logrolling is inevitable and decision-making difficult; the JCS will not address contentious issues for fear of bringing inter-service rivalries into the open; JCS staff work is poor because the services do not assign their best officers to the Joint Staff.

The answer, say the reformers, is to curb the independence of the services, either by giving the chairman of the Joint Chiefs significantly more power, and perhaps putting him in the chain of command, or by going all the way and creating an American General Staff, a separate corps of officers not attached to any service and charged with strategic planning and with the coordination of all U.S. forces. But though the argument in favor of a General Staff is usually phrased in terms of management considerations, in reality the JCS-General Staff debate is about strategy.

Supporters of a General Staff have generally been advocates of what Samuel Huntington has called "strategic monism": primary reliance on a single strategic concept, weapon, service, or region. Thus military reformers can often be heard arguing the need for a "grand strategy" for U.S. forces. And indeed, the General Staff concept has worked primarily in the case of land powers—Germany, the Soviet Union, Israel—whose militaries were dominated by a single service, the army, and which faced a single primary threat: invasion from other land powers.

Those who back the JCS against the reformers are generally "strategic pluralists," advocates of a "wide variety of military forces and weapons to meet a



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rified to learn," a Panzer general wrote the military historian B. H. Liddell Hart, "that I have never read Clausewitz. . . . The opinion on Clausewitz in our General Staff was that he was a theoretician to be read by professors.") Maneuver warfare emphasizes fluidity and unpredictability. Commanders issue mission orders—goals to be accomplished. Subordinates have considerable leeway in carrying them out; if a better means presents itself en route, they have the authority to exploit it. Commanders meanwhile keep tabs on their progress, shifting the focus of effort as required to support whoever seems to be succeeding. The purpose of this improvised aggression is to destroy the enemy if necessary, but to confuse and demoralize him if possible.

Partly as a result of reformers' criticisms, but also as a result of its own internal debates, the Army came out with a new *Field Manual* in 1982, scrapping Active Defense and establishing a new doctrine, AirLand Battle. In the event of a European war, tactical air would endeavor to create a deep battlefield, striking at the second echelons of Soviet troops. On the ground, the manual said, "destruction of the opposing force is achieved by throwing the enemy off balance with powerful initial blows from unexpected directions and then following up rapidly to prevent his recovery. . . . Our operations must be rapid, unpredictable, violent, and disorienting." For a time, in the fall of 1981, maneuver tactics were also taught at the Marine Corps Amphibious Warfare School (since then, maneuver doctrines have been restricted to the 2nd Marine Division).

Maneuver warfare demands a high degree of intuitive understanding among officers, which leads many reformers to believe that some sort of American General Staff—in which officers would spend years working together—is necessary. What is certainly necessary is an infusion of professional spirit and concentration on the art of war. The swiftness with which the Army thought its way out of Active Defense indicates a substantial degree of this (more, perhaps, than the reformers would have one believe). There are other signs. Alvin Bernstein, chairman of the Strategy Department at the Naval War College, teaches a 15-week course that runs from Thucydides to Vietnam. Five years ago, only half a dozen of his students were officers coming from major commands. Now, typically seventy to 75 are. "Somebody up there thinks it is important."

There are dangers, of course, in any self-conscious return to military values. If Professor Bernstein's strategy course becomes just another career credential, it won't do much good. It is easy to imagine—to an extent, it has already happened—"military spirit" becoming yet one more D.C. buzzword, taken up by Capitol yuppies who, in their daily lives, would as soon eat dinner with waiters as with soldiers. Military virtues, like any virtues, must be reinforced by new habits. Officers must serve longer tours; the head of the Grace Commission's team on officer management recommends three-year minimum stints for officers with twenty years in the service. They should have responsibility; when they fail, they should be cashiered. Under the circumstances, President Reagan was probably right to take the blame for the Beirut debacle; authority had been so diffused that no one could be said to have been truly responsible. That is a way to run a corporation, not an army.

Over the years, the military-reform movement has taken on a number of recruits beyond its earliest, and most military-minded, core. Many of these have been unhappy additions—opportunists (the Rasors of this world) or recycled McGovernites (the Fallowses): sheep in wolves' clothing. Several of the charter reformers (Sprey, Spinney) were sheepish enough to begin with. The rest (Boyd, Lind, Luttwak) have willingly, and imprudently, joined forces with them, besides making full exercise of the privilege of Adam, to be wrong. Still, they can perform a useful service. The reformers' worst arguments spring (along with the problems they purport to diagnose) from the managerial ethos of mid-century America. The best run contrary to it. If the military can relearn its purpose, it will take the longest step toward reforming itself. Military reform can save us thousands of dollars in coffee pots. It can also give us a military again, instead of an armed General Motors. □

## The Hidden Agenda

diversity of potential threats," in the words of Gordon W. Keiser. Pluralists point out that the U.S. is a sea power whose primary adversary is a land power. Moreover, that land power has been opening up new fronts throughout the Third World, including the Americas. Opposing such a range of threats requires a range of military capabilities and strategies.

Concretely, the reformers' strategic monism has manifested itself as an emphasis on NATO's Central Front at the expense of regional defense or U.S. interests in the Third World. Thus, most reformers want to spend money on the Army and Air Force at the expense of the Navy, and they believe that a General Staff would help. It is no accident that reformers such as Robert Komer, Edward Luttwak, and John Kester, who have criticized the nature of the Navy's recent buildup and advocate the concentration of military resources on the Central Front, are also the biggest boosters of JCS reform. They object to the committee structure of the JCS because they believe that as long as the Navy can veto JCS decisions the JCS will not tell the President what reformers think he should hear: that resources should be shifted away from the Navy and allocated to the conventional defense of Western Europe. For its part, the Navy has always been skeptical of General Staff proposals.

This strategic subtext helps explain why many liberals in Congress have uncharacteristically joined in supporting a strong, centralized military staff, even though such a proposal is often considered militaristic and a potential threat to civilian control of the military. Liberals tend to disapprove of military activity in the Third World. It is the Navy that gives the U.S. a Third World presence. The Navy, in the liberal view, is the instrument by which the U.S. "meddles" in the developing countries. The desire to curb what they see as American imperialism may be why many liberals unaccountably have cast their lot with hawks such as Luttwak.

—MacKubin Thomas Owens



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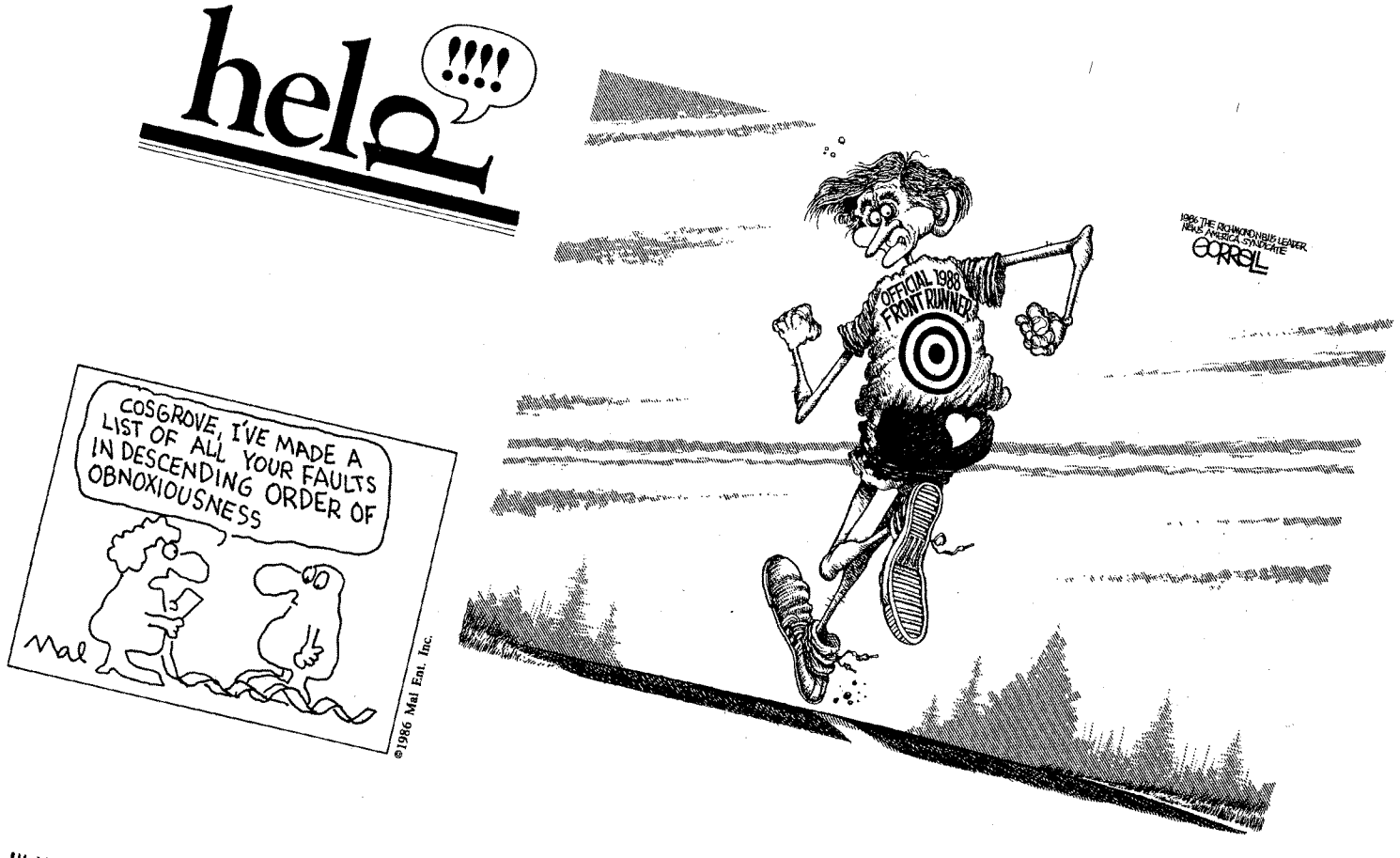
helo
!!!
COSGROVE, I'VE MADE A LIST OF ALL YOUR FAULTS IN DESCENDING ORDER OF OBNOXIOUSNESS
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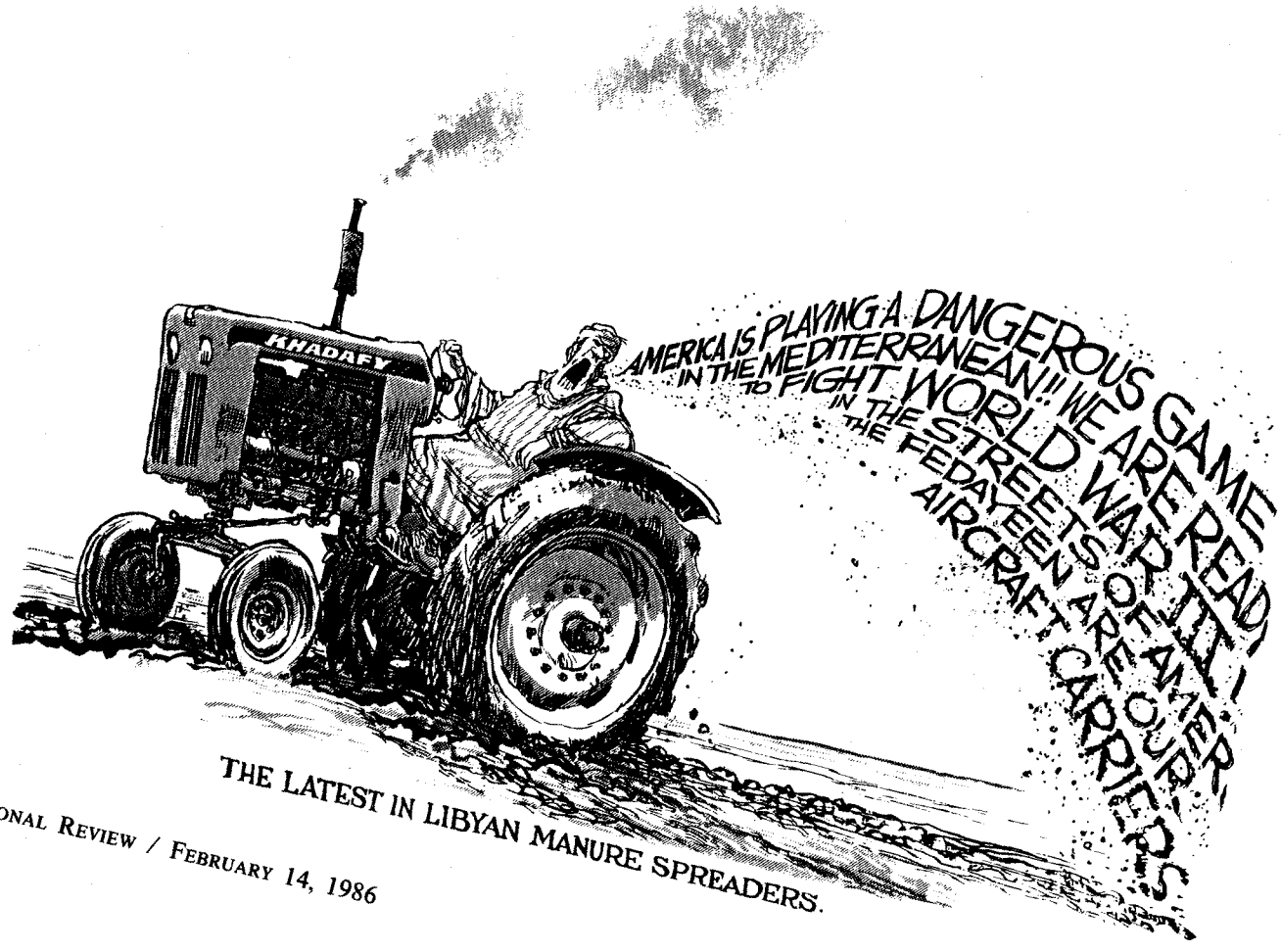
KHADAFY
AMERICA IS PLAYING A DANGEROUS GAME IN THE MEDITERRANEAN!! WE ARE READY TO FIGHT WORLD WAR III IN THE STREETS OF AMERICA! OUR FEDAYEEN ARE IN THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS.

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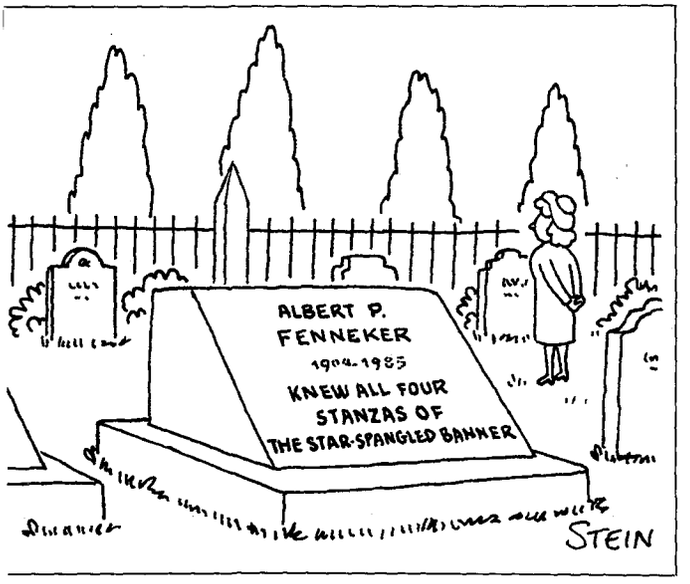
## Straight from the Shoulder

Senator Bradley, like Zeus in a snit,
Hurt lots of liberals right where they sit
When he insisted Afghanistan's not
Yesterday's stew in a back-burner pot.

W. H. von Dreele



Engleman / Rothco

*"We finally found a politician willing to talk about the need to cut Social Security."*

News item: The Soviet Union will allow 36 citizens to join their relatives in the West.
EXITSKI
...34...35...
36. THAT'S ENOUGH.
MMPH
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# JUST ANOTHER WETBACK

A MEXICAN teenager crosses the border between Tijuana, Mexico, and San Ysidro, California, in what should amount to a short and unexceptional adolescent exploit. Two armed U.S. Border Patrol agents spot him and give chase, coming face to face with a group of the lad's *compadres*, who cover his scramble home by heaving rocks northward. An agent fires into the group, and a 12-year-old boy, Humberto Carrillo Estrada, takes a bullet in the chest. Later, a U.S. district attorney investigates the incident and finds, contrary to police accounts, that no warning shots were fired. Nevertheless, the DA decides not to prosecute.

If Carrillo's fate bears more than a passing resemblance to that of Miroslav Medvid, that is not accidental.

There are important moral distinctions to be made between what we did to Medvid and what we did to Carrillo (and the only slightly less cruel outrages perpetrated by the Immigration and Naturalization Service against Hispanics every day). The essential distinction being that the Soviets wanted Medvid back where they could torture him into oblivion, whereas the Mexican government views our porous border as a safety valve, a means by which to relieve its population stresses and avoid the ruinous consequences of socialism. But to argue that distinction between the Soviet and the Mexican (and many other Latin) governments is at the same time to point up similarities in the situations of Soviet and Latin refugees, similarities that many Americans, including lately many conservatives, seem to ignore.

One of the more popular arguments of those who want to "gain control of our borders," those who might shelter Miroslav but certainly not Manuel, is that they are looking out for Manuel's interests. The anti-immigration lobby paints a picture of heartless American businessmen cooperating with the Mexican government to lure poor Mexicans onto their truck farms and into their sweatshops, and there virtually enslave them. Roger Connor, executive director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform, depicts the businessman-immigrant relationship as a reprise of the antebellum South, wherein the economies of the border states are built on the unwilling backs of dark-skinned peoples.

Some conservatives, of the sort who treat their free-market-enchanted brethren as undocumented ideological aliens, swallow this economistic camel with breathtaking ease. In reality, no matter how systematically corrupt the Mexican government might be, nor how greedy American businessmen, it is ludicrous to imagine them trading in forced labor on such a scale. The Mexican migration suggests not government power, but an historic assertion of human volition.

MEDVID IS relevant here. When Senator Jesse Helms sought an injunction to block the departure of the *Marshal Konev*, in whose hold the doomed Medvid was imprisoned, who should fly into an ignoble rage but Senator Simpson, the chief senatorial sponsor of anti-Latino immigration reform. The senator took moral equivalence to new depths by asking how we would like it if the Soviets tried to block one of our vessels. You would have thought that Medvid was just another wetback.

Senator Simpson's popular bill, touted as "constructive" for its grant of amnesty to illegals already established in the U.S. (the government could hardly round them all up if it tried), is nevertheless aimed almost exclusively at tighter enforcement. It would force employers to become part of the enforcement effort, or face stiff penalties, and it would beef up the Border Patrol. Unquestionably it would multiply the private agonies of the current system: the shootings, the enforced family separations, the workplace roundups.

What crisis is it that justifies this betrayal of America's moral identity, a fundamental part of which is her role as a refuge from oppression? Surely, sensible folk cannot take seriously the alarums about an Hispanic "invasion," the supposed stirrings of a *Reconquista* that a few nutcake *barrio* activists may have called for. As MIT's Myron Weiner writes in a 1985 study from the Urban Institute: "Irredentism, secession, or regional autonomy have not been on the political agenda of Mexican-Americans . . . nor do surveys suggest that these views are widely shared within the community."

If anything, recent immigration has been a conservative influence on a region, the southern West Coast, known for its chaotic love of the novel, its neo-mania, its tugging away from traditional values. California, which has led the nation for years in the divorce rate, has lately seen that rate decline. The demographers' best explanation: The new immigrants, both Hispanic and Asian, cling to the old values of marital fidelity and raising families.

Second-generation immigrants tend, indeed, to eschew welfare dependency. The Urban Institute's Thomas Muller and Thomas J. Espenshade discovered that alien labor, much of it illegal, virtually kept Los Angeles's garment industry alive. Moreover, as Julian Simon tirelessly points out, immigration is a sixth of what it was at the turn of the century, the crest of the great wave. Nor are "they" stealing our jobs, as the labor-union monopolists would have it. Simon's data show im-

*(Continues on page 61)*

*Mr. Grubbs is the deputy editorial-page editor of the* Washington Times *and former editorial-page editor of the* Orange County *(California)* Register.



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. . . but you know exactly what they look like, don't you?

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# CZECHS, SLOVAKS, POLES

AT A SPECTACULAR jubilee celebration for St. Cyril and St. Methodius, Apostles of the Western Slavs, in Velehrad, hundreds of thousands of Czech and Slovak Catholics cheered the absent Pope (he had been refused an entrance permit) and booed the cabinet minister who had come from Prague. Slovak Catholics also demonstrated on the Feast of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows in Sastin, the famous pilgrimage shrine. The apogee of the feast was the High Mass celebrated by Bishop Gabris of Tyrnau—72 years old, gravely ill, and blind—who exhorted those present, and especially the youth, to remain undaunted defenders of their faith. Also present were youngsters from nearby Moravia, who shouted together with the Slovaks: "We want the Pope."

Though the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia are related to the Slovaks, the former have lived in community with Germans in areas that belonged to Austria, the latter in community with Magyars in Hungary. Their linguistic similarity hides a great difference in mentality. The Czechs, though most of them are nominally Catholics, have an anti-Roman record: They staged the fanatical Hussite rebellion; they gave birth to the first (Czech and German) National Socialist Parties; and in the 1920s they had the largest (per population) Communist Party west of the USSR.

Bohemia and Moravia have a great intellectual tradition. When the Soviets invaded in 1968, resistance was largely formed on intellectual and artistic lines, which later spawned the "Charter 77" movement. This elitist movement was viewed with great interest in the West, and some of the most outstanding refugees joined it. Yet, if one studies the list of members' names, one notices that most of them were disillusioned Socialists or Communists, people of the moderate or the extreme Left who merely wanted "Marxism with a human face." The government of Czechoslovakia sees a much greater challenge in religion than in this sort of secular humanism, and therefore represses it harshly and systematically.

Anti-religious propaganda is the order of the day and, though all the Germans have been expelled from Bohemia and Moravia, where they once made up a third of the population, anti-German propaganda is also being stepped up. "The Germans are worse than beasts," says one character in a play; another character, in the role of a Soviet sharpshooter, exclaims: "I have already killed 68 Germans!" Czech television recently showed a 35-minute film entitled *Education for Class Hatred*, in which hatred was described as a noble feeling. Hatred of Germans and of other classes is not the only fare: anti-Americanism, anti-Reaganism, anti-imperialism, anti-neocolonialism, anti-Austrianism, anti-fascism, anti-Catholicism—a veritable orgy of anti feelings are inculcated. According to Bohumir Molnár, one of the authors of this organized hate-propaganda, the goal is to counter the rising tide of disgust directed at the present state of affairs in Czechoslovakia. The message seems to be: If you don't like us, at least hate our enemies.

POLAND, though also a Slavic country, differs from Czechoslovakia in several ways: It has a very large nobility, a strong Catholic faith and a Church that always "identified" with the nation (against Prussians and Russians alike), and, in spite of all the partitions, a history of its own. Of the Polish population 11 per cent are documented members of the nobility, although 25 per cent claim this status. The truth probably lies somewhere in between. (By way of comparison, the north German nobility accounts for about one-eighth of 1 per cent of the population). As long ago as 1572 Poland had a semi-republican form of government and was called a republic (*Rzeczpospolita*). The king was elected and the *Sejm* (parliament) had to pass its laws unanimously. The Poles are extremely freedom-loving and independence-minded (hence the many Polish volunteers in the American War of Independence), and, like the Spaniards, they are an ungovernable people. They have enough difficulty understanding themselves—woe to their conquerors!

What are young people in Poland thinking now? The *Solidarnosc* underground paper for Central Poland, *Tygodnik Mazowsze* (*Mazovian Weekly*), has made a careful investigation, and reports that 3.6 per cent of students assent to the existing socialist order, but only one-half of 1 per cent would actually vote, in a free election, for the existing Socialist-Communist Party or any of its satellites. Whereas in the 1970s roughly two-thirds of the students accepted "some sort of humane socialism," this has radically changed. Only 10 per cent now believe that industry should remain nationalized, and 25 per cent are in favor of a free-market economy. Thirteen per cent believe that the country could free itself by its own efforts, but the rest are realistic and see no such chance. Fifteen years ago, 78 per cent of the students believed that one should not leave the country, while today only 58 per cent say that they can stand "such an anachronistic system."

And to whom is the enthusiasm of these students directed? To the Polish Pope and the Solidarity movement. Although the *Mazovian Weekly* did not ask about the students' religion, it is known that the overwhelming majority were and still are convinced Catholics. Today, the Church is the only "internal enemy" in the satellite world. The Kremlin realizes this, and so do its henchmen in the satrapies. We should not expect a let-up in the persecution of faithful Christians in the East. □



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# THE GOODMAN BEAT

## Joseph Sobran

*Keeping in Touch, by Ellen Goodman (Summit, 313 pp., $16.95)*

AMONG COLUMNISTS, Ellen Goodman covers a unique beat: Ellen Goodman. Ostensibly, the pieces in *Keeping in Touch* are about topics as diverse as Raisa Gorbachev, Vanessa Williams, Liz Taylor, Doris Lessing, Sally Ride, Phyllis Schlafly, Baby Fae, Nancy Reagan, Maureen Reagan, Ronald Reagan, young Ron Reagan, and Johnny Carson's divorce. But they all seem to come back home to Ellen Goodman.

A piece on computers tells you little about computers, but much (which you might have guessed) about how Ellen Goodman feels about computers. When Sir Philip Sidney said, "Fool, look in thy heart and write," she was listening: "I confess . . . I suspect . . . Frankly, I . . . I am not surprised . . . I guess . . . I wonder . . . I hope . . . I feel, momentarily, relieved . . . I wish . . . I never expected . . . I long for the old days . . . I didn't always feel this way . . . I have no illusions . . . I have today a sense of some universal pulsation . . ."

Far be it from me to disparage the personal touch, but just try watching someone get in touch with her feelings for 313 pages. We all have to begin with what we know, but even Descartes got out of the starting blocks after a while. And there are ways of conveying emotion besides talking about it; I refer to the well-known literary principle of the objective correlative. Jimmy Cannon could bring tears to your eyes by telling you about Joe DiMaggio, without ever suggesting that he, Jimmy Cannon, had tears in *his* eyes. And I defy anyone to suggest that Jimmy Cannon wasn't in touch with his feelings.

What Miss Goodman is, is a lady columnist. She is paid to write like that. This distinguishes her from women columnists like Mary McGrory, Georgie Anne Geyer, and Jeane Kirkpatrick, who write about the world Out There, just like James Jackson Kilpatrick and David Broder.

What's more, her column appears in nearly four hundred newspapers, more than all three of those other women combined, I'd guess. There must be a reason for it. That is to say, a market for it.

Probably it's just that people get tired of thinking. And Miss Goodman knows her readers too well to reason with them. What she offers them is a role model of a certain middle-brow sensibility, liberal, feminist, upwardly mobile, reacting to the topics of the hour in an assuredly fashionable way. She is an attitudinizing arbiter of Proper Sentiments. The true, the good, the beautiful, even the factual—these don't interest her. But the stylish—that is her domain.

Not that she would put it that way. She affects to be offering Insights. It would offend her feminism to admit that she is, after all, a lady columnist. But all her insights are at the level of such propositions as these: that "social change" (undefined) is something "we" (thee and me) of course favor; that the Reagan era is one of selfishness; that the two superpowers threaten to destroy civilization, including our summer cottages in Maine; and that the defeat of the ERA means that women have no constitutional rights. If you don't assume all this, don't bother reading Miss Goodman, because she's not about to bother arguing it.

Is there, after all, a gender gap? Does one of the two sexes really savor an attack on George Gilder that focuses not on his ideas, but on a piece of tissue paper that was stuck to his "chinny, chin, chin" on the day Miss Goodman happened to meet him? If so, never mind the ERA—let's repeal the Nineteenth Amendment.

Does anyone really like Miss Goodman's work, or is it that everyone thinks someone else must like her? She is the very model of What Today's Woman Is Supposed to Think, and as such is a natural to fill quotas on Op-Ed pages.

But beyond that, she does have the gift of putting a voice on the page, which is not to be despised, no matter how little you like what the voice is

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*Jeffrey Meyers has recently published* Disease and the Novel, The Craft of Literary Biography, *and* Hemingway.

*J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College, Long Island, New York, and a member of the editorial board of the* Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

*Terry Teachout is an assistant editor at* Harper's Magazine *and a contributor to* High Fidelity, Commentary, The American Spectator, *and the* Washington Times.



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saying. Even a masculine reader of conservative persuasion can sometimes find her saucy observations a relief from the standard Op-Ed drone of the Wickers and Restons.

In that setting, she provides variety; but she is not, in herself, one of those women of infinite variety that Shakespeare used to go ga-ga over, and a whole collection of her pieces becomes very, very predictable. You can read half a dozen with some amusement; but when you get up around the hundred mark, all you notice is mannerism: "I confess . . . I suspect . . ."

The posturing, the repetition, and above all the habit of dogmatic assumption finally take all the pleasure out of disagreement itself. There is no identifiable intellectual locus in Miss Goodman's work, no way to pinpoint one's differences with her. It's all gesture, made for effect.

Let Ronald Reagan suggest that the rules of war once made a "civilized" distinction between soldiers and civilians, and she mounts her high horse: "Was it civilized behavior that July in 1863 when fifty thousand Americans died or were wounded at Gettysburg, and wagons carted away hundreds of amputated arms and legs? Was it civilized on July 1, 1916, when 57,000 Britons died in the Battle of the Somme? Was it civilized," etc.? And a moment later we pass from lofty nonsequitur to petty sneer: "Grenada made war fun again. . . . What a relief it was to discover that we can still whack someone small, still win one for the Gipper."

Can't you just hear the titters? □

## RANDOM NOTES

□ More January Titles: In *The Forgotten Holocaust: The Poles under German Occupation, 1939-1944* (Kentucky, $24), Richard C. Lukas describes Hitler's assault upon the Poles, whom he despised second only to the Jews and whom accordingly, along with other Slavs, he had scheduled for destruction: three million Polish Gentiles killed in and outside the two thousand extermination camps provided for Jews and Gentiles together; one million Poles deported in cattle cars to Germany and elsewhere; and so on. Lukas takes issue with the view certain historians have held of Polish Gentiles as anti-Semites who refused to help Polish Jews, arguing that the hostility that existed between Gentiles and Jews in the Polish underground is traceable to the close ties between Jews and the Communist movement.

*In the Eye of the Storm: A Memoir* (Adler & Adler/Harper & Row, $17.95), by Kurt Waldheim, is an interesting, thoughtful, and modest account by the former Secretary General of the United Nations of his years with that institution (1972-1982), a decade that witnessed the precipitous, and probably final, decline of Turtle Bay's international prestige. Waldheim believes that nothing less than the rise of global solidarity will permit the UN to function as planned: *ergo*, don't hold your breath.

*Journals: 1939-1983* (Random House, $19.95), by Stephen Spender and edited by John Goldsmith, contains interesting reflections by the poet, autobiographer, novelist, playwright, critic, editor, and globe-trotting intellectual on the arts, the international literary community, and the flow of contemporary events, all of them vaguely but poignantly touched by haunting suspicions on the part of the author that he has nevertheless somehow neglected what he can only describe as "inner tasks." . . . *Collected Poems: 1928-1985* (Random House, $19.95), by Stephen Spender, is an updated and revised edition of the *Collected Poems* of 1955, since which time, the poet reports, "my judgment of my own poetry has changed considerably. . . . I now think that my best poems are those which are extremely clear."

*The Monastic Realm* (Rizzoli, $65), by Réginald Grégoire, Léo Moulin, and Raymond Oursel, is a fascinating exploration of the apparent paradox that while history does not record a Christian monastery that regarded arts and letters as a means of achieving spirituality, still the monks of the early Middle Ages contributed notably to devising new architectural styles and literary forms, in addition to resurrecting and transmitting the great pagan culture and antiquity that they were preserving against the barbarian hordes from the East. —CW

## A REPUTATION IN TATTERS

### Arnold Beichman

*Ralph Ingersoll: A Biography, by Roy Hoopes (Atheneum, 441 pp., $19.95)*

I don't know how many daily newspapers have gone under in New York City since Peter Zenger's time, but it must be dozens and dozens. I myself remember, before the later mergers and other permutations, when there were Pulitzer's *New York World*, Scripps-Howard's *Telegram*, the conservative *Sun*, the Hearst *Journal-American*, the *Daily Mirror*, Bernarr Macfadden's *Daily Graphic* (as a tribute to its explicit composographs, it was also known as the "Pornographic"), the Reids' *Herald Tribune*. And then there was the newspaper *PM*, founded in 1940 by Ralph McAllister Ingersoll. It, too, went under, in 1947, a victim of the founder's egomania, intellectual dishonesty, and indubitable pro-Communism.

It is a sort of tribute to Ingersoll that his short-lived newspaper experiment, whose circulation rarely went above a hundred thousand, left such an impression that he was able to persuade a skillful, if politically naïve, biographer to prepare this less-than-definitive biography of the brilliant editor-executive who was on *The New Yorker* under Harold Ross, and on *Time, Life*, and *Fortune* directly under Henry Luce. Ingersoll, who died a year ago at the age of 85, actually promoted his own biography. The late Serrell Hillman, a onetime staffer at *PM* and later at *Time*, showed me correspondence several years ago in which Ingersoll was pressuring him to become his biographer. Hillman, then a journalism instructor at the University of Hawaii, turned down the offer in the belief that he could never get the true story of *PM* out of Ingersoll. I am sure that there were others Ingersoll tried to lure into becoming his Boswell. In any case, Roy Hoopes has done a commendable job, although his final product lacks the necessary insight into Ingersoll's pro-Communist politics.

Where Hoopes's innocence shows is in his description of me as an anti-Communist (correct) who came to *PM* as a reporter direct from David Dubinsky's International Ladies Garment Workers Union (incorrect). Actually, I came directly from *Newsday*, the Long Island daily, and before that was an apprentice flack at Warner Brothers. I only met Dubinsky a year after joining *PM*, and we didn't hit it off well at all until years later. It is a judgment on Hoopes's research that he never called me to check this story, let alone calling me as someone who had been *PM*'s city editor and assistant managing editor.

Now this non-fact could only have come from Ingersoll himself. And it



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fitted Ingersoll's thesis, by which he could absolve himself of blame for *PM*'s failure and pin that blame elsewhere. It seems, according to his conspiracy theory, that he had tried (unsuccessfully) to prevent the civil war between Communists and anti-Communists on *PM* from spilling over into the paper. It was this factionalism that brought the paper to ruin, according to Ingersoll.

In fact, as Hoopes shows, it was Ingersoll himself who knowingly and willingly brought the Communists to *PM*. Ingersoll, it turns out, was a Communist, having camouflaged himself in 1937 as a member of a Communist "study group." This weekly study group, to which Ingersoll belonged for a year (we have Ingersoll's word for the chronology), was a "Party cell," about whose other members Ingersoll has said nothing. But we do know who, at Ingersoll's invitation, helped plan *PM*—Dashiell Hammett, who justified the Moscow trials, spoke at Communist rallies, and followed the CP line without dissent, according to the biography by Julian Symons. Associated with Hammett was Lillian Hellman, another Communist Party stalwart and Hammett's lover, as she had earlier been Ingersoll's. And Ingersoll himself invited Earl Browder, then head of the Communist Party, to assign a Communist to be a reporter on *PM* in order to ensure representation of the Communist viewpoint. Anyone who pleads innocence for Ingersoll would have to explain how any honest liberal could be a Stalinist during the late 1930s amid Stalin's purges, executions, frame-up trials, and genocidal "collectivization" famine. Only a true believer could have submitted his mind and conscience to Stalinism.

Of course, there was a war on at *PM*: It was over whether or not to exclude straight Communist Party propaganda from its pages and cover up for Soviet misdeeds. When Ingersoll went off to the war outside—World War II—the balance changed somewhat in favor of simple truth. James Wechsler became Washington bureau chief, Harold Lavine became national editor, and I became city editor. As soon as he returned to *PM*, Ingersoll restored the balance in favor of the Stalinists, as Wechsler wrote in his memoir, *The Age of Suspicion*.

Yet *PM* may well have served even more serious Communist purposes. Sometime in 1947, after I had left *PM*, I received a phone call from the FBI. Could they come and see me? Two agents came to my home in Manhattan, showed me a poorly taken photograph of a young woman, wearing a cloth coat with a fur collar, sitting on a park bench. Could I identify her? Of course I could: She was one of Ingersoll's secretaries. Thank you, said the agents and prepared to leave. Hey, wait a minute, why did you want to know? What's she doing now? Oh, didn't you know? After she left *PM*, she went to work for the New York bureau of TASS, the Soviet news agency.

What made this a startling revelation was that Ingersoll had a close relationship with President Roosevelt, whom he saw quite frequently during the period he was editing *PM*. On one occasion, he returned from a trip to the White House and informed the editors about some imminent invasion, I believe, in North Africa. Ingersoll usually dictated a memorandum of his discussion with FDR to one of his secretaries. It can be assumed that anyone who went directly from *PM* to TASS had a status acceptable to the Kremlin.

Paradoxically, I owe *PM* and Ingersoll a great deal, because my experience over five years on the paper taught me much about Communism at the working level. Others have learned about Communism in more trying circumstances—say, a Soviet labor camp. But however one learns the important lesson about this political exanthema, it is difficult to forget it. And what you never forget is how otherwise intelligent people will lie with a straight face in order to safeguard the image of the Bolshevik Revolution.

The tragedy of Ralph Ingersoll is that he had an idea that might have worked if he had been an honest journalist (which he was not) or an honest editor (which he could not be); he had enormous talents harnessed to self-destructive disabilities. At best, one could say about him that he had no real values, only a series of attitudes; he exemplified Orwell's statement that the tragedy of the 1930s liberals was that while they opposed Fascism they did not oppose totalitarianism. To the end of World War II, and even after, Ingersoll believed in Stalin and all his works, and his reporting at the time showed it. Ralph Ingersoll might have


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left an unforgettable impress on American journalism; instead, he left behind a reputation in tatters. □

## SORDID AND EXOTIC

### Jeffrey Meyers

*Sunrise with Seamonsters, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin, 365 pp., $18.95)*

*The Imperial Way, by Paul Theroux, photographs by Steve McCurry (Houghton Mifflin, 143 pp., $19.95)*

PAUL THEROUX, like most modern travel writers following in the tradition of D. H. Lawrence and Graham Greene, has shifted the center of interest from the external world to the self and made his books seem spontaneous revelations of his own feelings and thoughts. Subjective and impressionistic, he sees the natural world with the imagination as well as with the eye. He prefers a rough rather than a formal journey, popular rather than high culture, colloquial rather than mandarin style. Instead of romanticizing and glorifying his experience, he is engagingly frank whenever he suffers backward and brutal people, boring journeys, and self-created torments. "A man of the world," Theroux writes, "is never content anywhere."

Excited by change and movement, he goes to geographical as well as emotional extremes of temperature, altitude, and distance. He seeks a natural rather than a man-made world, is attracted to traditional people, and craves contact with scenery that still retains its wildness. Travel for Theroux is a relief from and an incitement to writing, a means of inner exploration and a source of immediate inspiration. Travel intensifies his sense of being American at the same time that it removes him from America and allows him to see his own country more clearly. As Theroux observes: "In a foreign country I can live in two zones of time, the immediate and apprehensible, and in that vaguer zone [of the past] I thought I had forgotten."

The fifty articles in this book, printed in chronological order from 1964 to 1984, present an oblique autobiography. When dealing with his extended family, his high-school reunion, and his summers on Cape Cod, Theroux's characteristically caustic crust softens

to reveal a more gentle and appealing self. After an undistinguished career at Medford High School and the University of Massachusetts, he joined the Peace Corps in Malawi, a "joke republic committing farcical outrages upon itself." He then taught for several more years in Singapore and in Uganda: "the land of mud and smoke and low forest, of undersized people in rags, and odors of decay."

Married and the father of two sons, he leads an expatriate writer's life in London and has written 22 books, which he memorizes as he composes. Despite Theroux's impressive curiosity, intellect, and style, and his precise eye for racial characteristics, many of these articles were rejected by the magazines that had commissioned them and had to be published elsewhere. Even a writer of Theroux's stature suffers from editors' stupidities.

Theroux's essays fall into two main categories: on writers he admires—Henry James, Henry Miller, S. J. Perelman, V. S. Pritchett—and on travel (by train whenever possible) in Europe, Africa, Asia, and the New York subway, a diseased circulatory system that produces a sense of horror, as well as admiration for the policemen who attempt to control the subterranean savagery. Theroux flees "the tyranny of the ordinary," admires the colonial writers (Kipling, Cary, Orwell), and writes in the sordid-exotic mode of his heroes (Conrad, Greene, Naipaul).

He met Naipaul, his spiky kindred spirit, while teaching at Makerere University in Uganda. He quotes Naipaul's dictum "Writing should be transparent," without mentioning its source in Orwell's "Good prose is like a window pane"; describes Naipaul's powerful "doubt, disbelief, skepticism, instinctive mistrust"; and commiserates with "the sheer solitude and loneliness of the [writer's] job."

Theroux vividly describes giraffes galloping "as if they're about to come apart"; the exhausted, cheated look of tourists in Burma; and the sleek, potbellied rats in Singapore. He dislikes Hastings Banda (who deported him from Malawi), foundations (which refused him a grant), the "uninteresting monster" Richard Nixon, the colicky and contorted John McEnroe. Theroux hates outboard motors, team sports, and American machismo. He condemns Hemingway's *Islands in the Stream*, but fails to perceive in this artistically weak but autobiographically revealing posthumous novel the loneliness, emptiness, and anguish of an author who would kill himself.

Theroux's introduction to *The Imperial Way* describes his splendid progress through Pakistan, India, and Bangladesh on the antithesis of the gothic subways —the railways of the old Raj. On the subcontinent, nothing has changed for 150 years and the train station—a combination of grandeur and desolations—represents a microcosm of the entire city. The complementary photographs, from the Khyber Pass to Chittagong, are magnificent and moving. □

# FICTION

## ARE THESE YOUR CHILDREN?

### Terry Teachout

*Less than Zero, by Bret Easton Ellis (Simon & Schuster, 208 pp., $15.95)*

*Ransom, by Jay McInerney (Vintage Contemporaries, 279 pp., $5.95, paperback)*

EVER SINCE the unexpected success of Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* last year, Clever Young Novelists (also known as Voices of a Generation) have been extremely hot among New York publishers. The latest mod-



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el, discovered by Simon & Schuster editor Bob Asahina, is a 21-year-old student at Bennington named Bret Easton Ellis, whose first novel, *Less than Zero*, opened on the *New York Times* best-seller list at 13 and is doubtless headed straight for Hollywood, whence its youthful author came.

*Less than Zero*, which runs the gamut from snuff movies to homosexual prostitution in a quick and dirty two hundred pages, is guaranteed to give anxiety attacks to any California mother who happens to read it. The plot, such as it is, deals with the return of Clay, a well-heeled college freshman, to Los Angeles for his first Christmas break, in the course of which he consumes several tons of controlled substances, has several orgasms in the company of various young men and women, decides that he wants to witness the ultimate in depravity and does so, and (one assumes) keeps an elaborate diary every night so that he can write the whole sordid story up for his Creative Writing class as soon as he returns to—well, to what is all too obviously Bennington, just as Clay is all too obviously Bret Easton Ellis himself.

The book consists of a choppy series of "shots" ranging in length from a paragraph to three or four pages, a quasi-cinematic technique that Mr. Ellis claims to have gleaned from his assiduous viewing of MTV but which Truman Capote actually originated two decades ago with *In Cold Blood*. The tone is flat and objective, a mode of discourse appropriate to the generally stunned demeanor of Mr. Ellis's fictional alter ego and to the eerily mechanical quality of the compulsive search for sensual thrills in which the teenage nihilists of *Less than Zero* engage. ("I don't want to care. If I care about things, it'll just be worse, it'll just be another thing to worry about. It's less painful if I don't care.")

Though the actual writing is quite accomplished, the overall effect of *Less than Zero* is relentlessly adolescent. Younger readers will be amused to note that one of Mr. Ellis's epigraphs comes from the Led Zeppelin song "Stairway to Heaven," a notorious prom-night specialty; older readers will be equally amused to discover that Mr. Ellis is the kind of author who draws cosmic significance from chance encounters with billboards.

> All it says is "Disappear Here" and even though it's probably an ad for some resort, it still freaks me out a little. . . . As I pull onto Sunset I pass the billboard I saw this morning that read "Disappear Here" and I look away and kind of try to get it out of my mind. . . . I think about Blair alone in her bed stroking that stupid black cat and the billboard that says "Disappear Here" and Julian's eyes and wonder if he's for sale and people are afraid to merge. . . . You can disappear here without knowing it.

As a novel, *Less than Zero* is less than satisfactory. As a piece of journalism, though, it is provocative and disturbing, even valuable. Granted, it is hard to expect much out of an author who follows up the success of his first novel by posing for a *Vanity Fair* photo spread called "Looking for Cool in L.A." But Bret Easton Ellis is remarkably successful at illuminating the glitzy façade of Hotel California, a Woody Allen nightmare where nobody reads books or watches the news, *Variety* and *People* and MTV represent the uttermost limits of culture, and sex is something mildly amusing that one does between snorts of coke. At its best, *Less than Zero* puts the reader in mind of Somerset Maugham's irritable remark about Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim*: "Mr. Kingsley Amis is so talented, his observation so keen, that you cannot fail to be convinced that the young men he so brilliantly describes truly represent the class with which his novel is concerned." Anyone convinced that America's youth are lining up squarely and unanimously behind the Reagan Revolution should read this book and shudder.*

While Bret Easton Ellis reaps the transient rewards of precocity, Jay McInerney is currently at work on the screenplay of *Bright Lights, Big City*, reviewing first novels by other Clever Young Novelists, and sweating out the reviews of his own second novel, a book called *Ransom*, which is not exactly knocking the critics dead.

Mr. McInerney's sense of humor, arguably his strongest point, has been put on hold for the duration of this grim, self-conscious tale about an American expatriate whose elected penance

*It's worth mentioning that Bob Asahina, the editorial midwife of *Less than Zero*, is a neoconservative who came to Simon & Schuster after a stretch at *The Public Interest* and whose other recent projects include books by James Watt and Jeane Kirkpatrick. That's more frightening than *anything* in *Less than Zero*.


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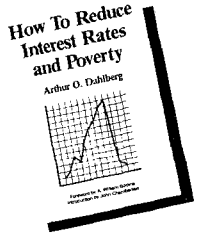


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for a wasted youth is a life of austerity in Kyoto, with the intensive study of karate his chosen means of mortifying the flesh. Overripe bursts of bathetic disillusion litter the pages of *Ransom*. ("He turned his back on things he used to believe in, and now he likes to badmouth those things and pretend they don't exist. . . . He wondered if his father had deliberately tried to prove there is no escape, that there are no real quests.") And the plot itself is strictly from hunger, *The Razor's Edge* recycled for yuppies.

The real problem here is very likely one of peer pressure. Forty years ago, when standards were higher and blockbuster novels were written by people like John P. Marquand instead of people like Danielle Steel, Jay McInerney would have been properly lauded as a charming popular novelist with a deft hand at satire. Nowadays *Bright Lights, Big City* is brought out in the Vintage Contemporaries series and inappropriately praised by people who should know better. Turgid second novels like *Ransom*—not to mention premature first novels like *Less than Zero*—are the predictable result of this revolution of rising expectations. □

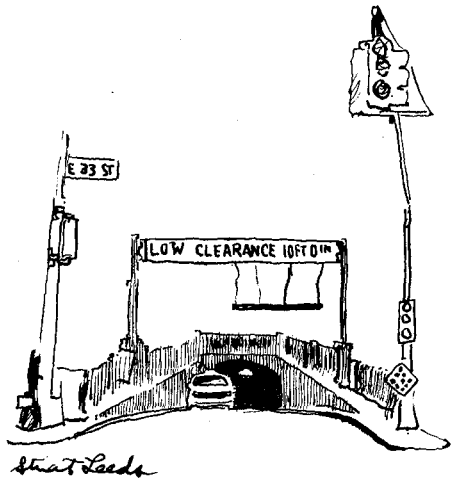
# LOOKING BACK

## BLASTS FROM THE PAST

### J. O. Tate

THE RECENT exhibition of graphic art by Wyndham Lewis (1882-1957) at the Washburn Gallery in New York City may serve to remind us that the artist who complained of neglect and even suppression had to wait nearly thirty years after his cremation for a one-man show of modest size in "the art capital of the world." The exhibition may also serve to remind us that much of the written work of Wyndham Lewis is available now too, assembled by Black Sparrow Press in Santa Barbara.

Perhaps the best known of Lewis's work from the period before the First World War is the Vorticist review *BLAST* (1914), which rattled teacups from Kensington to Chicago. The extravagant typographical swagger and




paradoxical aggressions of the early Lewis have been reproduced for us in facsimile, so that we can hold in our hand not only his spasmodic punch-ups of residual Victorianism, but also poems by Ezra Pound, "The Saddest Story" by Ford Madox Hueffer (which would become *The Good Soldier* by Ford Madox Ford), and "Indissoluble Matrimony" by the young feminist Rebecca West. Vorticist manifestos and artwork by Lewis, Gaudier-Brzeska, Jacob Epstein, and others, as well as Lewis's abstract play *Enemy of the Stars*, combine to make this one of the most cited—though until now seldom beheld—avant-garde reviews of this century. *BLAST 2*, the "war number" of 1915, also published in facsimile by Black Sparrow, was and is a thinner volume cramped by the war that would snuff out Lewis's notorious Vorticist campaign, that unique English art movement. Again we find poems by Pound, including "Ancient Music," and the first appearance of T. S. Eliot's famous "Preludes" and "Rhapsody on a Windy Night." We find an image of Gaudier-Brzeska's hieratic head of Ezra Pound and an obituary for that sculptor, "*Mort pour la patrie*." The reader who studies modernism would not miss the chance to possess such worthy replicas of two echoing *BLAST*s.

Nor would that reader be indifferent to the expanding list of scholarly editions of various books by Wyndham Lewis made available by Black Sparrow. The new release of *Rude Assignment: An Intellectual Autobiography* (1950), as edited by Tobay Foshay, restores to access an impressive volume that surveys one of the most remarkable careers in English letters. Lewis's recounting of his thought and work reaches back to, and past, the summer of 1908, of which he says, ". . . What I started out to do in Brittany, I have been developing ever since." So what did he start out to do, then? He writes:

> The human personality, I thought, should be left alone, just as it is, in its pristine freshness: something like a wild garden—full, naturally, of starlight and nightingales, of sunflowers and the sun. The "Wild Body" I envisaged as a piece of the wilderness. The characters I chose to celebrate—Bestre, the Cornac and his wife, Brotcotnaz, le père François—were all primitive creatures, immersed in life, as much as birds, or big, obsessed, sun-drunk insects.
>
> The body was wild: one was attached to something wild, like a big cat that sunned itself and purred. The bums, alcoholic fishermen, penniless students (generally Russians) who might have come out of the pages of "The Possessed," for long my favorite company, were an anarchist material. And as ringmaster of this circus I appointed my "Soldier of Humor," who stalked imbecility with a militancy and appetite worthy of a much more light-hearted and younger Flaubert, who had somehow got into the universe of Gorky.

Those wild bodies were to become embodied in Lewis's earliest stories and revised in a complex process authoritatively explained by Bernard Lafourcade in the Black Sparrow edition of *The Complete Wild Body*, a scholarly expansion of Lewis's *The Wild Body* of 1927, adding to that volume a corpus of related stories, journals, and other material. In the "Wild Body" material, Lewis seized on a "fissure" we might think of as something not unlike Eliot's "dissociation of sensibility"—a discovery of the absurd, the Cartesian split between mind and body, a gap into which Lewis was to pound the wedge of his wit for nearly fifty years. He sharpened his talons on his Breton objects, of whom he wrote, in his essay "Inferior Religions" in 1917,

> I would present these puppets, then, as carefully selected specimens of religious fanaticism. With their attendant objects or fetishes they live and have a regular food and vitality. They are not creations, but puppets. You can be as exterior to them, and live their life as little, as the showman grasping from beneath and working about a Polichinelle. They are only shadows of energy, not living beings. Their mechanism is a logical structure and they are nothing but that.
>
> Boswell's Johnson, Mr. Veneering, Mal-



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volio, Bouvard and Pécuchet, the "commissaire" in *Crime and Punishment*, do not live; they are congealed and frozen into logic, and an exuberant hysterical truth. They transcend life and are complete ciphers, but they are monsters of dead imperfection. Their only significance is their egoism. So the great intuitive figures of creation live in the universal egoism of the poet. This "Realism" is satire. Satire is the great Heaven of Ideas, where you meet the red titans of laughter; it is just below intuition, and life charged with black illusion.

Wyndham Lewis was ready, after *BLAST* and after being blasted in the First World War, to produce *The Art of Being Ruled* (1926), *Time and Western Man* (1927), *The Childermass* (1928), *Paleface* (1929), and the equally remarkable "novel" *The Apes of God* (1930), which has been re-materialized by Black Sparrow, with an afterword by Paul Edwards. *The Apes of God*, a monumental satire as mannered as the epicene phonies it scorns, is a sort of Bloomsbury Chainsaw Massacre in which the Puppet Master lays bare the ratchety clockwork of a monstrous triviality. Among those drawn and quartered with grim glee are, recognizably, the young Stephen Spender, Horace de Vere Cole, Lytton Strachey and Dora Carrington, Clive and Vanessa Bell, and all three Sitwells.

*The Apes of God* treads ponderously upon the thin ice of tedium, for the boring non-being of its gangling machinery threatens to craze the reader's patience. For some, it does so. For others, as for me, *The Apes of God* remains a *sui generis* masterpiece of clotted and staccato eloquence, a savage rebuke to a decadent society, and a living Guide to the Dead, which is specifically useful today when there is not only a cult of the old Bloomsbury but also a new and international Bloomsbury of "artists," "writers," and *engagé* "academics" who resemble those targets that Lewis excoriated with memorably devastating accuracy.

Such well-aimed slashing left scars that sought revenge; and Lewis's sympathetic book on Hitler (1931) helped ruin his reputation. Lewis wasn't the only genius who ever made a fool of himself; but he wasn't through yet. His last puppet-novel, *Snooty Baronet* (1932), was a transitional, unstable, and experimental work, parodistic and self-mocking, grotesquely funny and full of gusto. The Black Sparrow edition is richly endowed with notes, illustrations, appended variants, a bibliography, and an afterword by Bernard Lafourcade.

Wyndham Lewis survived the Thirties with difficulty and spent the war years in America and Canada. His exile and his turning of his analytic powers more relentlessly upon himself are best represented by his novel *Self Condemned* (1954), which he wrote old and sick and blind. The wild body had its revenge upon the formerly exuberant young man who had operated it; and the autobiographical inquisition leaves us with no sense of "detachment." *Self Condemned* is perhaps the finest production of the later Lewis; T. S. Eliot called it "a book of almost unbearable spiritual agony," and Jeffrey Meyers calls it Lewis's "most power-


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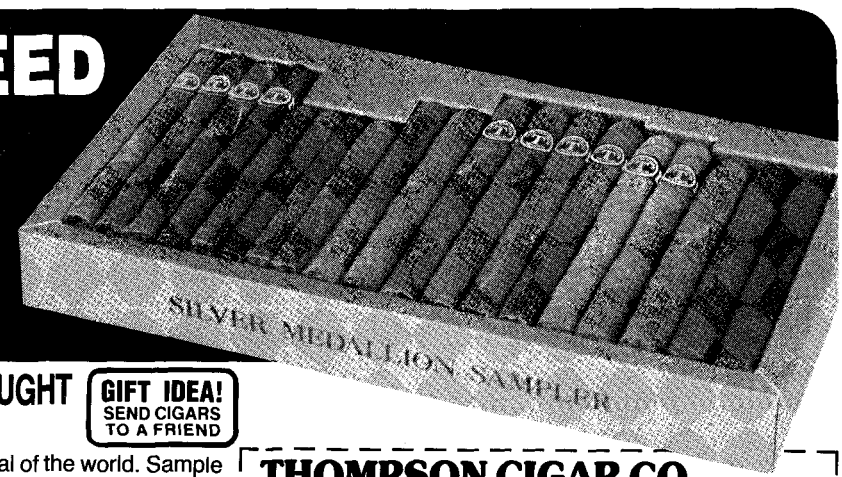


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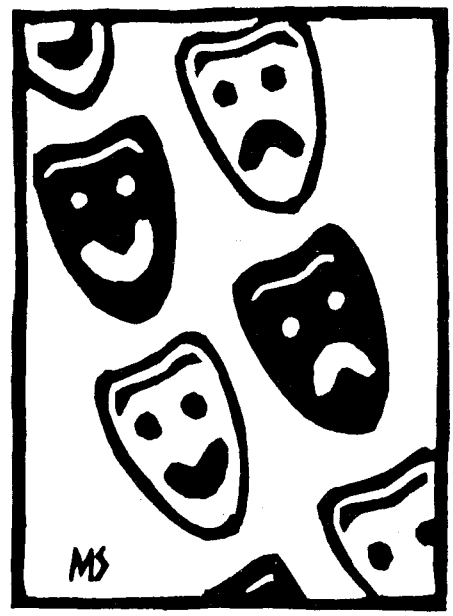
ful and profound work of art." Black Sparrow's edition, with an afterword by Rowland Smith, includes a variant ending.

And then there is *BLAST 3*, seventy years after Lewis's last fulmination by that title, and in the same 9- by 12-inch format. Edited by Seamus Cooney with Bradford Morrow, Bernard Lafourcade, and Hugh Kenner, *BLAST 3* is a "compendium in honor of Wyndham Lewis," which includes color and black-and-white plates by Lewis, Gaudier-Brzeska, and Michael Ayrton; hitherto unpublished work by Lewis and Roy Campbell; numerous essays and studies; new fiction and poetry; and even music by various hands. No one interested in modern literature would want to miss it; and no one who admires the explosive originality of Wyndham Lewis would fail to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to that devoted Lewisite, Mr. John Martin of Black Sparrow Press. Thanks to him and to others, such titles as *Journey into Barbary*, *Rotting Hill*, and *The Vulgar Streak* beckon us to further exploration of the distinctive vision of that no-longer-so-neglected master of modernism, Wyndham Lewis. □

# FILM

## BLACK AND WHITE IN PURPLE

### John Simon




WHAT IS AN insuperable problem for a filmmaker who specializes in gadgets, sentimentalized children, and cute creatures from outer space? Adults—anything at all to do with grownups living their quotidian lives. To be sure, this is a problem for Hollywood as a whole; it is more intensely so for Steven Spielberg, for whom becoming a movie director seems to have been the surest way of trading in his toys for bigger and bigger toys while (in a juvenile version of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*) remaining himself forever small. In *The Color Purple*, based on Alice Walker's novel, the toys have become suffering human beings—blacks in rural Georgia between 1906 and 1940—and the film has become an infantile abomination.

Miss Walker's novel—far from the literary masterpiece it has been hyped into and unable to transcend the two humanly legitimate but artistically burdensome chips on its shoulder, feminism and black militancy—is still much better than the film, for which it wasn't suited. An epistolary novel, it thrives on the intimacy of one-to-one verbal confrontation, something that even maturer hands than Spielberg's could not have transposed onto film. But who would have expected *The Color Purple*, with its bitter hostility toward male blacks, and whites of either sex, to have the psychology of a *Dumbo* or *Pinocchio*, its feminist and lesbian coloration lost in a *mise en scène* doing its damnedest to look like a cartoon film, and pretty nearly succeeding.

Little Celie's cruel stepfather, after begetting two children on her and selling them to a childless couple on their way to Africa, marries Celie off to a young widower who really wanted her pretty sister, Nettie. The widower, whom Celie dares call only Mister, makes her clean and repair his shambles of a house and look after the wild, hostile children from his previous marriage. For her pains, he beats her and cheats on her, notably with the swinging singer Shug Avery, which does not prevent him from trying to rape Nettie, who comes to visit her sister. This unmitigated villain (who, needless to say, ends up getting mitigated in the movie) is frequently shown in a low-angle shot, exactly like the evil giant towering over his small-fry victim in a cartoon. And the perfectly competent cameraman, Allen Daviau (*The Falcon and the Snowman*), has been made to shoot the film as a series of picture postcards, whether the sisters are gamboling in a meadow whose pullulating flowers appear to have been planted in calculatedly swirling patterns, one by one; or whether Celie is seen reading a letter from Nettie in Africa, with Celie shot in silhouette in a rocking chair against an improbably large window full of purple sky and a huge, orange sun haloing not just her head but her entire body.

Inadvertently, the film even turns racist, for the fulsomely sympathetic Spielberg cannot help patronizing his characters as he oversimplifies and sugarcoats everything, including the violence. Thus Harpo, Mister's eldest, is almost always seen falling off a roof or being flattened by his oversized wife, Sophia; thus all the other men are ravening beasts, whereas a lesbian relationship between Shug and Celie is made to look like a sequence from *Bambi*. But don't assume that the whites emerge any better; it's just that, not being a minority, they can more easily take the insults.

Credibility is at an all-time low here. Why would Mister hide Nettie's letters to Celie from Africa, rather than simply destroy them? Why would Celie not dare pick up her letters even when Mister is not around to forbid access to the mailbox? Why couldn't she at least enlist the mailman on her side? Why doesn't she answer Nettie's letters after she knows the address and has emancipated herself from Mister? And who is working those huge fields—Mister, by himself? And just who are those small children who hang around the house unchanged, decade after decade? The script is by the Dutch-born Menno Meyjes, and might as well have been written in double Dutch.

There are only three surviving performances. Margaret Avery exudes joyous vitality as her namesake, Shug Avery; Oprah Winfrey, a Chicago talk-show hostess, is a good Sophia until she gets overdirected; and Desreta Jackson, as the young Celie, is genuinely touching, because she is unsentimental. When, however, Whoopi Goldberg takes over as the grown Celie, mannerism takes over with her. The actress keeps covering her mouth in heart-melting shame while letting her saucer eyes practically fly out of her face. Her speech, moreover, is New York, 1985—not Georgia, whatever.



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The combination of souped-up yet sentimental violence and saccharine goody-goodiness makes *The Color Purple*, like a purple cow, something I would have hoped never to see.

IF THERE is one art that cannot be rendered on screen, it is that of writing. There is some little drama in watching someone paint or sculpt; composing music at least livens up the soundtrack. But the writer at work is neither photogenic nor cinematically involving. So you might think that *Out of Africa*, which deals with Karen Blixen—who was to become the writer Isak Dinesen—*before* she started to write, has licked the problem: It tells of her life in Africa, as she was to write it later on in her memoir of the same title, on which the film is largely based. But its sources are as hard to find as those of the Nile, including as they do other works by Dinesen, her biography by Judith Thurman, and that of her lover (but was he really her lover?), Denys Finch Hatton, by Errol Trzebinski. That makes for heterogeneity; the screenplay itself, as written by Kurt Luedtke and directed by Sydney Pollack, makes for genteel, homogenized blandness, in which an occasional encounter with a lion or two is no remedy against creeping torpor.

The worth of the book *Out of Africa* is in Isak Dinesen's odd style: a somewhat Danish-accented, sometimes even faulty, English that nevertheless captivates with its archaizing new-fangledness. It sounds like bardic Victorianism—a skald adapted by Charles Reade. There are Biblical overtones as well, and sensitive description mingles with despotic *hauteur*: Can one really write, well into the twentieth century, "Farah was my servant by the grace of God"? The blend of lyricism and arrogance, of heightened evocativeness and crass matter-of-factness, is what gives this writing its enticing/exasperating charm. Film cannot reproduce it.

The story itself—of hopelessly trying to grow coffee on a Kenya farm from 1914 to 1931, of being caught between a shiftless big-game-hunter husband and an eccentric hunter-*cum*-businessman lover, of having to be the Great White Mother to numberless natives, despite a world war, syphilis, and a passel of adventures—refuses to matter. Since neither the loveless (but not sexless or affectionless) marriage to Baron Bror Blixen-Finecke nor the relationship


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(whatever it exactly was) with Denys Finch Hatton, the younger son of an earl, has any pulsing aliveness in the film, which treads gingerly between meager facts and timid conjecture, why should we care about any of them? The film might have been better off as a documentary: When it isn't half-heartedly trying to churn up murky emotions, it drifts into impersonal chronicling. But, for a documentary, we would need much more about the lives of blacks and whites in Kenya, such as we do get in the book.

Bits of plot drift in as a new character crops up, remains undeveloped, and promptly disappears (e.g., the troubled young Felicity); and authenticity is seriously compromised when, for example, an Englishman's native mistress is played by the New York high-fashion model Iman, unconvincing in both looks and demeanor. What action there is remains unpersuasive because its motives are unexplored; Denys in particular comes across as a huge blank. And one played by a cipher: Robert Redford gives the worst performance by a star in recent history. He won't try for a British accent, cannot do a drunk scene, renders aristocracy as brashness and romantic fervor as an ingrown toenail.

Meryl Streep, for the first time in a movie lead, gives a winning, unmannered performance, possibly because struggling with a Danish accent (imperfect, according to my Danish expert) pre-empted the energies she usually expends on overacting. No less fine is Klaus Maria Brandauer as Bror, a part that, unfortunately, allows for lit-

# THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Is Capitalism Christian? (Crossways Books/Good News Publishers, Westchester, Ill. 60153; $9.95), edited by Franky Schaeffer, is a hefty, 461-page testimonial to the Gildered Age, extracted from the works of R. Emmett Tyrrell, Warren T. Brookes, Paul Johnson, P. T. Bauer, Humberto Belli, Jean-François Revel, Michael Novak, Thomas Sowell, Paul H. Weaver, Peter L. Berger, and Richard John Neuhaus, to give a partial list. Although a perhaps insufficient number of the selections address directly the question at hand, they do (as was no doubt the intention) provide it with a broader frame of reference by means of which the reader is led toward the conclusion that capitalism is as natural to the economic life of mankind as sexuality is to the biological, and that it is therefore, and to the same degree, "Christian."

Which may, of course, throw some light on the queasiness with which Christians, in recent times as in the past, have tended to regard the workings of capitalist economies. No man, it has been said, once privileged to witness himself engaged in the reproductive act, would be likely ever to debase himself so again; while there is little reason to believe that the board of directors of General Motors, or the owners of a mom-and-pop stationery and tobacco store, would react similarly to watching video replays of their quotidian economic activities, there is certainly no lack of people who feel themselves compelled to provide vicariously the appropriate response.

It is, in fact, precisely the naturalness of both the capitalist and the sex acts that has historically disturbed Christianity as a system of belief whose paramount truth is that man is essentially a spiritual being; although it was not until recent times that an influential minority of Christians concluded that the appropriate response to man's fallen nature is active defiance in place of sorrowful humility, and formulated a kind of dialectic of naturalnesses according to which lust, owing to its revolutionary significance, represents Good Nature, while greed, as the Moloch of counter-revolutionists everywhere, represents Bad Nature. It is this minority, of course, that finds itself irresistibly drawn to the Marxist dialectic with its promise of Heaven on Earth through the eventual realization of the classless society without stain of sin or corruption, and that is therefore hell-bent in its assault on Bad Nature, the metaphor for which might be a systemic enclosure of Chinese boxes labeled, from the outside in: Capitalism, the International Bourgeoisie, the Caucasian Race, the West, the United States, the Multinationals, the Defense Establishment, Big Business, General Motors, the Heritage Foundation, Moral Majority, the White House, Nancy Reagan's Dressmaker, *NR*.

Lest it appear that the reviewer is shirking his responsibilities to the art of book-reviewing, let me hurry to state that the majority of the titles borrowed from this very readable and useful anthology have been reviewed, if not in this space, then at least in this periodical: Tyrrell's *The Liberal Crack-Up*, Brookes's *The Economy in Mind*, Novak's *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, Johnson's *Modern Times*, Bauer's *Equality, the Third World, and Economic Delusion*, Revel's *How Democracies Perish*, Sowell's *Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality?*, Rael Jean and Erich Isaac's *The Coercive Utopians*, and Neuhaus's *The Naked Public Square*. Complementing excerpts from the above are a number of articles, excellent in their own right, among which I recall particularly Lloyd Billingsley's "Compassion and the Poor," in which the author repeatedly hits the nail directly on the head, as when he remarks: "On the one hand, they say poverty is abominable, and God's wrath is called down on us for allowing it (even though Jesus Christ Himself said the poor would always be with us). On the other hand, radical Christians lead us to believe that poverty is the only acceptable lifestyle for Christians and hence desirable. One cannot have it both ways."

Finally, there is an interesting introduction by Schaeffer himself, who, after demanding to know whether any economic system has proven itself better at preserving Christian and humane values than capitalism has, fires a few volleys at that "diabolical marriage between the worst of Puritanism and Socialism," at "Christian New Age liberals, evangelical and Catholic alike, [who] combine hatred of the flesh with coercive utopianism," at the "pernicious ideology that tries to make ordinary people feel guilty just for being alive" and ends by impoverishing whole peoples and nations. The plain truth is that, when it comes to discussing matters pertaining to either Christianity or economics, the radical Christian movement is talking through its hat, and Schaeffer and his gang know it. □



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tle scope. In a generally good supporting cast, Malick Bowens is outstanding as Farah, economically conveying dignity and depth. But the best thing about this mediocre film is the photography by the great British cameraman David Watkin: It all but captures the complexity and mystery of Dinesen's prose, and certainly equals its beauty. The rest is vagueness and cliché. □

# DELECTATIONS

## MID-WINTER CHEER

### Nika Hazelton

I'VE JUST read a book, a splendid book indeed, that brought home to me the way class differences affect cooking and eating habits, and answered questions I've been wondering about, such as, Why is French cooking held in such esteem in America? and, What determines whether you call your evening meal "supper" or "dinner"? I am referring to *Savory Suppers and Fashionable Feasts: Dining in Victorian America*, by Susan Williams (Pantheon Books, $17.95). The book delves into Victorian customs and manners by looking at the cooking, the table accessories, the furniture, and the etiquette of the Victorian era, and it ends up with recipes from diaries and cookbooks of the period. By the way, despite the recipes, I regard the book as a history rather than a cookbook; the recipes are difficult, if not impossible, to work unless you are an experienced cook. I presume *Savory Suppers* got onto the cookbook shelves because books that deal with food habits, food history, etc., are apt to be totally neglected if placed with social history rather than with cookbooks.

I don't think that you can have refined food (versus coarse, basically peasant food) without a class that has the education, the money, and the interest and leisure to produce it. Educated Americans have much more of all of these than their European counterparts, which accounts for the much greater American interest in food.

When it comes to class differences in eating, well-to-do Americans, following the British upper-class pattern, eat very differently from their less privileged compatriots, who use far more packaged convenience foods. The well-to-do tend to live in different areas as well. This is a middle-class pattern of society, which does not obtain in historical France and Italy. Especially in Italy, the princely palaces can be found in very poor quarters of a town, which is not true of our American stately homes nor of those of the British nobility. I imagine that the Italian princes' retainers lived around the palace in hovels, and that time transformed those hovels into today's slums.

In France, and especially in Italy, everybody liked the same kind of food, though the rich ate more of it and their food was better prepared. But then, Italy had a central court only for a short time, after 1870, so that there was very little of the sort of court food and court manners that there were in England. To this day, foreign restaurants do not do well in Italy, and Italians really like only their own native foods. I can't help thinking of the various Italian girls who have stayed with us over the years to expose them to New York. Some of the girls were very nobly born, others not at all from the upper class. But they all had a zest for America, including subways and long-distance bus travel, zoos and horror shows—everything except the food. They would only eat Italian food, scorning pies, hot breads, gumbos, and anything else typically American. As for eating Chinese—never!

To come back to the book that inspired these thoughts, it gives innumerable illustrations of dining-room and kitchen appurtenances, foods, family scenes, menus, and other items of gastronomical interest, which come from the Strong Museum in Rochester, New York, America's leading collection of Victoriana. The author is Curator of Household Accessories there and a great researcher and fine writer as well.

The first four chapters deal with "The Victorian Middle Class," "Etiquette for the Table," "Dining Rooms and Their Furnishings," and "Fashions in Food and Drink." The rest of the book is devoted to menus and recipes. Incidentally, every bit of information in the book comes from actual diaries, household books, cookbooks, etc. For me, this adds to the value of the book, since I am always curious to know how the ordinary people lived.

But how much people ate in those days! A simple "company dinner" consisted of oysters on the half shell, salmon with green peas or cucumber salad, *filet de bœuf* and mushrooms, fried potatoes, salad of lettuce or tomatoes, cold chicken, olives, ices and jellies, cheese, fruits, coffee, and cordials. Sherry, wine, champagne, Madeira, and again sherry were drunk with the meal. On the other hand, an "economical Sunday dinner" from 1857 listed only roast beef, potatoes, greens, and Yorkshire pudding. Then, as now, people put on the dog for company and kept things simple for the family.

But habits are changing in one respect at least: our taste in seasonings. We now like hotter and spicier foods, according to the American Spice Trade Association. Chili powder, fiery chilis, and black and white pepper have shown an increase of 45 per cent, versus an increase of 33 per cent for all spices. Bland food is out, and spicy is in, though we are apt to forget that spices originally served—and still serve in some countries—to disguise the off flavors of not-quite-fresh foods.

Ah, well; I recommend spending the last of the Christmas money on *Savory Suppers and Fashionable Feasts*. Income-tax time is not far behind, and I think it is easier to suffer the IRS probings with a little entertainment on the side. □

# THE GIMLET EYE

## AIDS UPDATE

### D. Keith Mano

THERE IS shrewd and graceful mystery in AIDS. We've all fallen hard for it: it allures. In another time they would've blamed the hair-streaming comet overhead. But AIDS has come now as if particularly to chastise scientific arrogance: protean, vicious, macabre, and high-tech. A disease that is no-health rather than infection: that will subcontract death out to other, lesser illnesses. It has cut in on our social touch dance: it can calumniate while killing. It infects, a plague of snideness, the moral, racial, and political constitution far more than the physical. So, while you fear, admire. AIDS is a scintillating metaphor, in fact, for the modern, nihilistic sickness at heart. We have no spiritual immune system left: anything can fester in us. And



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AIDS may well be the most influential plague of all human time. Nature still has resilience and, apparently, some spite. The earth, seen as vulnerable or moribund, is trying to throw off that chronic disorder, us.

AIDS, of course, can only be updated by minute and half-minute. It will metastasize, change vector for vector, mutate over and over again in a magazine writer's lead time. Still, historically, we have some consensus. As Howard Welsh, from Gay Men's Health Crisis (a commendable and overspent organization), explains, much can be attributed to brothel cultures—societies in which the prostitution of at least one household member is commonplace and acceptable. Though no precise epidemiology will ever come out, the Big A spread from Africa (Zaire maybe) through Haiti and thence to Bleecker Street via male prostitution. (There are famous state-franchised bordellos in Haiti, as there were in pre-Castro Cuba.) Tourism was a carrier: travelers to or from Africa dosed the whore population. A triangular trade, sort of. If you were prospecting for significance, you might call it the slaves' revenge.

Question number one, the champagne ponderable: Can it be contracted through heterosexual intercourse? Yes, if conditions are just right. But, in this department, the disease has thrown medicine a split-finger curve. Seventy per cent of American AIDS incidence is homosexual (the rest, more or less, can be associated with intravenous drug use). Yet, in Africa, *heterosexual* spread has been most frequent by far. Yet, again yet, evidence here for female to male contagion is still inconclusive. Yet a prostitute, say, can certainly store it up: the virus, HTLV III, has been found in vaginal secreta of late. By a simple arithmetical projection there should be several hundred cases at least: yet there aren't. Yet, with a three- to five-year incubation period, there may be.

One predilection of the virus seems fairly well established: it must seed a bloodstream to flourish. Out of the body HTLV III, praise God, has poor shelf life. And it is *not* airborne. If it were, possibly all of primate life on earth (ape and chimp are susceptible) would be fading worse than John Lindsay—no one has lived longer than five years after diagnosis. You can understand the folly of anal intercourse: veins are quite close to fragile tissue there. Heterosexual intercourse, except where some open sore is present, should remain reasonably safe (though the female will be more at risk). But what about champagne question number two: kissing? I, and just about every health professional, would like to duck that topic. Designate kissing as a transmitter and, deep panic, all human association will carry a sudden deductible clause. Well, hello/good-bye kisses are innocuous. Prolonged tongue-groping, however, is conceivably hazardous: *conceivably*, I say. Not because of high fluid exchange, but because gums may bleed and accept saliva-borne HTLV III.

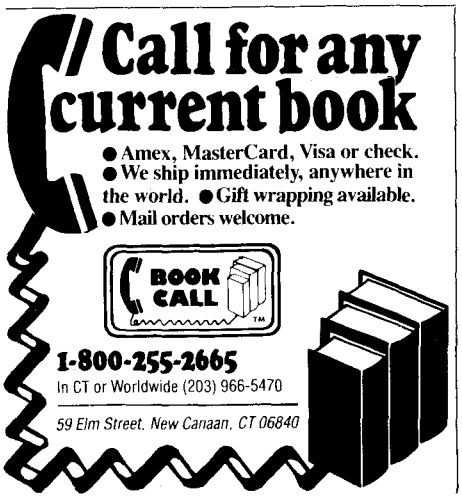
Our blood supply, though, is clean as the Swiss Civil Code now. Extensive testing has eliminated all suspect pints. That test, however, can't furnish a decisive reference in the live human being. It will recognize only antibodies, not HTLV III. "Positive" for AIDS may mean: a) You've "seen" the virus and have beaten it. Indeed you might be immune. b) You have ARC (AIDS-related complex) but it may or may not ever turn into AIDS. c) The test was a false positive. d) You're dead. In a short time some mortal and opportunistic disease—most often Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia or Kaposi's sarcoma—will foreclose on your system. But testing can't (and shouldn't) be employed as a quarantine indicator.

Of this we can be positive enough: medical insurance is on the disabled list right now. A vaccine fix doesn't seem probable (HTLV III may shape up in anywhere from five to 18 strains). No cure is posited before 2000 A.D. The average bill for death-watching a PWA (person with AIDS) is over $150,000 per—as we get better at it, $250,000 will be standard. Given gay legal maneuvering—an insurance salesman can't ask "lifestyle questions," e.g.: Why aren't you married?—it may soon be unprofitable for any private organization to offer comprehensive coverage. AIDS isn't just a disease: it is also an economically, politically, and socially destabilizing disorder. (Best result so far: our VD rate has declined 75 per cent.) After a time it may cause civil tolerance to hemorrhage and kill even the merest hospitality.

Yet, on a more agreeable note, there is compromise and some tendency to moderation in nature. Host and parasite have a joint concern. One hundred years ago TB—which was airborne—appeared to threaten the generality of mankind. Still, well before a cure became available, TB had gone mellow. It was not quite as implacable. The process is this: milder forms of infectious disease proliferate most successfully. If they don't murder their host, they can have a longer titlehold. In epidemiology, after that initial exuberance, the most violent strain is committing suicide. AIDS has an interest in our longevity: we are its landlord. By 2000 A.D. all men may stock the virus as, say, a slight predisposition to Hong Kong flu.

Meanwhile, wonder. The shape of death is often the shape of life. We have allowed much in recent years. Now that glib license has made a dwelling place in our blood. □

*(Next issue: The politicization of AIDS.)*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# BOOKS IN BRIEF

*Protecting the President: The Inside Story of a Secret Service Agent, by Dennis V. N. McCarthy with Philip W. Smith (Morrow, 221 pp., $15.95)*

DURING THE Civil War, a prison superintendent named William Patrick Wood began compiling a scrapbook of things he wanted to recollect. He became the first Chief of the Secret Service, and that volume, though it never saw print, set the precedent for what has become a sub-genre of such memoirs. Mr. McCarthy's little book is the latest addition thereto. He spent twenty years in the Service (1964 to 1984), five of them in the glamor post of the White House Detail. He was the first agent to hurl himself upon



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John Hinckley Jr. on March 30, 1981. His story of those decades is no exposé but a prosaic narrative that will be mandatory reading for all buffs of the genre. There is much on the difficulties of protecting a world figure (every year 14,000 threats against the President are received) and a description of the effect of the job on an agent's personal life (Mr. McCarthy has gone through two divorces). "I was like a spring coiled for years," says this Medal of Valor winner, "waiting to be released" upon any oncoming threat. Back in the Civil War, Chief Wood had only counterfeiters to worry about. In 1951 the mission of protecting the President was formally added. In recalling his participation in both fields of activity, Mr. McCarthy "sifted through memories from over half the countries of the world and from every state." He'd do it all again.

CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

## GRUBBS

(Continued from page 46)

migrants as net job creators. The Urban Institute and the Rand Corporation have both confirmed his findings.

If we should ever successfully close our border—that is to say, Mexico's border—we would add to Mexican socialism a degree of repression the Mexican government lacks the power to sustain. Which brings us back to the essential confusion of the anti-wetback brigade: its failure to understand how similar are Eastern-bloc and Latin refugees—similar in their plights, similar in their vision of America.

The latest left-wing enthusiasm is the sanctuary movement, which misapplies the ancient tradition of furnishing church sanctuary to those in flight from the law to the mission of sheltering illegal refugees from Latin countries allied with the United States. At the core of the movement is the burning desire to defeat U.S. policy in Central America. Hence its hypocrisy. Whereas Salvadoran, Guatemalan, Honduran, and Costa Rican refugees are encouraged to defy our immigration laws and find nurture in the arms of well-intentioned Yankees, Nicaraguans fleeing Sandinista tyranny are discouraged.

It was, however, U.S. immigration policy that gave the sanctuary movement its opening, by officially dividing what is properly indivisible: political and economic freedom. By means of an elaborate classification system, the U.S. State Department accepts applicants for asylum who can satisfy its bureaucrats that they would be subjected to political persecution if they remained in their own countries. At the same time, State's bureaucrats airily reject those who wish to come to America because their own countries are short on economic opportunities. Yet in most cases a chronic shortage of opportunity is the result not of a deficiency in resources but of a denial of fundamental rights and freedoms, among the most important being, as Tom Bethell has pointed out in these pages, reliable property rights.

El Salvador's President José Napoleón Duarte may well be our strongest Central American ally, and we must do everything in our power to solidify that alliance, but we do violence to our own principles by turning our gaze from his socialistic land grabs and his unwillingness to pursue policies of economic growth. It is scarcely an exaggeration to describe his economic victims as refugees from socialist politics.

In order to refuse Salvadoran refugees, the Administration has created for itself a ludicrous pattern of denial: denial that President Duarte is anything but a capitalist after the Reagan model; denial that Salvadorans have any legitimate aspirations to make a new life in El Dorado del Norte; denial that Salvadorans have legitimate reason to flee bloodshed in their homeland, some of it, yes, visited on them from the political Right. It should be possible to pursue a hard-line anti-Communist policy in Central America, matter-of-factly taking whatever allies we can get, without such self-defeating burial of the truth.

Unfortunately, what is true of El Salvador is true of most refugee-producing Latin nations. Partly in deference to the enthusiasms of the American Left, the American press and the American government have for decades ignored the very real repression imposed by the ongoing Mexican revolution, and the degree to which Mexican violation of individual rights is the source of Mexican poverty. American conservatives who urge uncritical support for pro-U.S. Latin dictators also frequently ignore the extent to which such dictatorships are socialist in the fundamental sense of subjecting the economy to the whims of the politically powerful. When the Sandinistas set out to nationalize the Nicaraguan economy they found they had already accomplished much of the task merely by confiscating enterprises owned or controlled by the Somozas. To say that refugees from such societies are not "political" is to ignore the fundamental purpose of political rights: securing the broader rights of the governed by making them the governors.

Above all, the issue is one of faith; faith that our prosperity is not a freak of nature but the product of a political and moral code that respects the God-given rights of our fellow citizens. If it is the law we live by that has made us what we are, by sharing that law with others we not only comply with its spirit, we ensure our continued prosperity. It is distressing that those conservatives who can't quite keep the faith are finding common cause with such as Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, who has recently coauthored *The Immigration Time Bomb: The Fragmenting of America* (publicized by NATIONAL REVIEW a few issues back). Lamm is a crack-brained demagogue whose ideas, if ever made national policy, would provide an epitaph for Western civilization. Lamm, before he discovered that wetbacks were the real threat, raised the alarm against the old and the sick, announcing their "duty to die"; now he proposes that we stop admitting even political refugees. It's us or them.

We are a better society than most others—or at least more attractive—because we try, even though we are powerful enough to have our way with most of the peoples of the world, to codify the Golden Rule. We cannot codify it so as to accommodate every Humberto Carrillo Estrada—though a lad ought to be able to cross the border for a Big Mac without being shot by U.S. agents, and certainly he ought to be permitted to push a broom under the Golden Arches for pay—but there ought to be a place for sentiment somewhere in our foreign policy.

When the President, addressing the United Nations, scores the Soviets' trampling on the universal right to emigrate, the law of non-contradiction surely must be tugging at him: *Go ahead, proclaim the right to immigrate.* It is scarcely indulging in moral equivalence to keep one's own backyard in mind. □



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## REAGAN & QADDAFI: SUGGESTIONS

*NEW YORK, JAN. 13*

THE PARTICULARIZATION of Qaddafi as the central figure in the terrorist offensive is both plausible (he has described the work of the terrorists as "holy") and frustrating (Qaddafi and Libya are offbeat entities). Concerning the whole mess, a few observations:

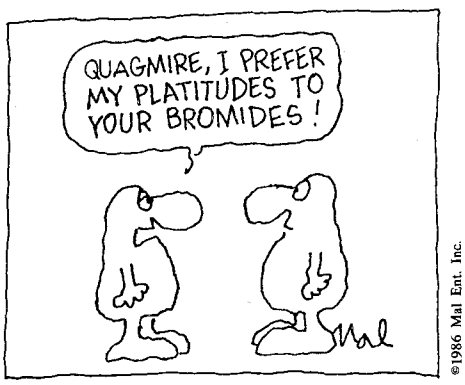
1. Israel is absolutely justified in declining to take Libya on alone. One Israeli official is quoted as saying that a special difficulty in dealing with Qaddafi is precisely that he is totally mad. It is a myth that it is easier to deal with deranged people. It isn't, for the simple reason that you cannot predict their responses. A fairly normal leader, for instance, thinks conventionally about his health and longevity, and thinks also from time to time about the health and longevity of his country. Qaddafi is perfectly capable, if he found himself in a shooting war with Israel, of ordering one of his planes to go and drop bombs on Jerusalem, even if he were convinced that it would be the final act in his long, ugly life.

2. It has become clear that no Western European country desires to emerge prominently as a purposive critic of Qaddafi, because (one can hear those wise old birds reasoning) Qaddafi is capable of declaring tomorrow that the vector of terrorist activity will be (Italy) (West Germany) (Great Britain)—whichever country he feels has dealt most provocatively with him. And, as a matter of fact, that reasoning stands up. If ever there was a case that bears out Machiavelli's injunction never to do your enemy a small injury, here it is. Unless Western Europe concerts to decide that Qaddafi is one problem the Mediterranean can do without, Qaddafi will continue untroubled by his northern neighbors. In which connection we should bear in mind that the madman owns a huge hunk of Fiat in Italy and sells $4 or $5 billion of oil every year, much of the revenue from which he uses to buy arms in Europe.

3. The United States has found itself, then, suddenly very nearly isolated. After the bombing of the airports in Rome and Vienna, the talk was widespread that, finally, Qaddafi had to be dealt with. The story line got complicated when Qaddafi arrantly proclaimed that he knew nothing about terrorist training camps in Libya. This intelligence caused in Washington and other cosmopolitan centers a response not unlike what we'd have had if the Ayatollah had announced that he never had any objections to the state of Israel. Still, in the diplomatic world, a denial is hungrily greeted in that it helps to beef up the conciliatory model. Hitler's protestations that his purposes were peaceful were greeted with much relief even by those who doubted him. By the time the exchange was over, the feeling was widespread that Qaddafi recognizes that training terrorists is not an activity Europeans applaud: And then the curtain closed.

4. The probabilities are high that the United States will not act unilaterally—nor should it. We have paid a heavy price in Europe over a number of years for promising to protect Europe against attack from the Soviet Union. The trick is for Europe to frown on any American anti-Soviet initiative as if to say that if America does not behave, Europe will oust the 250,000 Americans who are in West Germany with the exclusive mandate to help Europe if Europe gets into deep trouble. But there is a factor in the Qaddafi controversy not to be ignored. It is,

5. The low profile kept by the Soviet Union. There is a school of thought that precisely that madness in Qaddafi has prevented the Soviet Union from developing a zygotic relationship with him. He cannot be controlled, and that school goes so far as to say that the Kremlin would like to see him overthrown. Not to be replaced by a civilized man, to be sure; but to be replaced by someone more consistently servile to the Soviet Union.

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In any event, United States aggressiveness with respect to Libya does not at this moment add up to confrontation with the Soviet Union. And what we should do—in respect of Libya as in respect of Cuba, and of Nicaragua—is to seek out a declaration of war. There are plenty of *casus belli* to choose from. Ask for a declaration of war, from which nothing bloody need necessarily follow. But all the judicial chips are then in order, and the gyroscopic compasses in the American temperament are set: We need to acknowledge that we are dealing with an enemy. We don't declare war against the Soviet Union because we cannot hope to win a war against the Soviet Union. Libya is different. □

## REAGAN & QADDAFI: REACTIONS

*NEW YORK, JAN. 17*

AN OBVIOUSLY discouraged American ambassador said, after visiting the West German Foreign Office in the wake of President Reagan's press conference: "It is a matter of doing what is right." And of course it is right to do something about Qaddafi, not perhaps everything we can do, but everything we can reasonably do, which is to put a heavy accent on defining what is reasonable. Helmut Kohl, who is certainly pro-American, almost pleaded, in turn, for American understanding. Don't you see, he said, there are 1,500 West Germans working in Libya and we have to watch out for them. And several billion dollars of trade with Libya. "Sometimes West German interests," he said—which he was pledged to serve—"don't coincide with U.S. interests." Right. That was certainly true of Germany for a couple of years back in 1917-18, and for four years beginning in 1941. It is not a claim to diplomatic savoir-faire on behalf of America to comment that the elder statesmanship of Europe has led to two great wars in this century, to the enslavement of Eastern Europe, and to an impasse in the Middle East in which innocent Europeans and Americans are used as pincushions by terrorists whose emerging spokesman is that modern Caligula who presides over Libya.

So should our attitude toward Libya be



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catonic? That useful word is used to remind us that Cato the Elder, perceiving Carthage to be a great strategic threat to Rome, ended all his orations with the declamation, *Delenda est Carthago*: Carthage must be destroyed. And was it ever—by contrast, the bombing of Dresden was a tea party. But the destruction of Libya is not the objective, rather the destruction of its leader, and this is not easy to effect.

Which brings us to the extraordinary performance of Senator Howard Metzenbaum, whose ambition, one must suppose on surveying his career, is to be wrong on absolutely every issue he addresses. Suddenly Old Metz pops up and says that perhaps we ought to consider ordering the assassination of Qaddafi. If indeed he is guilty of terrorism, perhaps the CIA—which, by the way, would not exist if Metzenbaum's votes were decisive—should simply have him eliminated. Senator Metzenbaum reminded one of that crazy historical moment when Senator McGovern, having done his best to emasculate U.S. and allied forces in Southeast Asia, listened to an account of what was going on in Cambodia (genocide) and blurted out, "Why don't we send some troops in there and just stop all this nonsense?" He sounded like the wreckers of Penn Station lamenting the loss of great architectural monuments.

THE POINT here is that responsible government officials don't talk about the assassination of foreign leaders. This does not mean (this is the time to clear one's throat) that circumstances do not exist in which the assassination of a world leader isn't called for: merely that this is the kind of thing that, preferably forever, is kept silent. Senator Metzenbaum would do well to keep silent on every subject, but if he can handle discretion on only one, let him start by being silent on commissioning the death of foreign leaders.

Qaddafi's ultimate threat, delivered at his press conference last week, reaches for hilarity. He threatens the United States to become another Castro Cuba. Concerning which one observes only that there isn't that much of a difference between life in Libya and Cuba save that Qaddafi does exercise a measure of independence from Moscow that Castro does not. Threatening to give up all of his independence to spite America is, in an adult, well, kook-talk: like a child threatening his mother to stop eating candy.

Most noticeable about the whole drama is not so much European reluctance to act, as the consolidation of sentiment throughout the Islamic world around Qaddafi. The implied meaning of it being that any country that assails an Islamic country serves to unify all Islamic countries around that country, no matter what its provocations. It is the counterpart of the African states that ten years ago elevated Idi Amin as their hero—because he was disowned by the United States and Great Britain. Do you remember the efforts of the State Department to rally the sentiment of the Islamic world to protest the actions of the Ayatollah when he took our hostages? It is a hell of a way to promote a religion.

Reagan has taken it on the chin, but just wait. If Libya tranquilizes, it will be because of the U.S. threat. If it does not, Europe will be reminded of what Reagan warned of, back then on January 7, 1986, and perhaps the shadow of Cato will pass over their chancelleries. □

# WHAT IF HE WINS?

*NEW YORK, JAN. 10*

MRS. AQUINO, the candidate of anti-Marcos Filipinos, has declared that if elected president she will allow Communists into her cabinet. She has in mind, she told reporters in what was an obvious appeal for the Communist vote, a coalition government. You are not to gather from this that she is herself a Communist. "I would be the last person in the world to be a Communist," she said. But Mrs. Aquino, who is running as a law-and-order candidate in opposition to the excesses of President Marcos, which may or may not have included the assassination of her husband, wants Filipinos and the world to know that she has in mind a very special kind of Communist, namely "Communists [who] renounce all forms of violence." If Mrs. Aquino can produce Communists who fit that description, she should get a Nobel Prize for alchemy.

The big debate about the Filipino engagement has begun not only there, but also here. Mrs. Jeane Kirkpatrick has written in her column that American purism is causing difficulty in viewing the Philippine election realistically. We are asking of Marcos the kind of behavior we don't ask of other world leaders with whom we have normal relations, and this notwithstanding that Marcos heads a government friendly to the United States in a country so situated geopolitically as to be critical to American interests in the area. "Of 159 member states of the United Nations, at least a hundred are probably governed more poorly than the Philippines," observes Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who did plenty of observing of other nations while in the UN.

And, arguing the Dump Marcos position, we have Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in the *Wall Street Journal*. He very much dislikes the argument that we lost Iran by failing to back the Shah, and lost Nicaragua by failing to back Somoza. And he acknowledges that Mr. Reagan, in criticizing Marcos as he has done through various representatives we have sent there, most conspicuously Senator Laxalt, is in fact exercising exactly the role we criticized Carter for exercising when he criticized the Shah and later Somoza. Moreover, says Mr. Schlesinger, there isn't any other course we could realistically take, because any failure to observe neutrality has the effect of polarizing internal divisions, and what then happens is that radical and anti-U.S. forces come in. So? "Send Marcos Packing," he entitles his column.

Now here is something American critics have given insufficient attention to, which is that democratic procedures by no means guarantee pleasant, hygienic, and law-abiding governments. What are we going to do—by we, I mean the Schlesingers and the Solarzes and the Americans for Democratic Action—if what happens in the Philippines is that Marcos is returned. Returned, moreover, in an election judged by observers to have been fairly conducted?

We should begin by reminding ourselves that, in our time, people voting freely have made disastrous political mistakes. In Germany in 1933, if you add the votes for the Communists to the votes for Hitler, you have a majority of German voters going for a totalitarian government. Now let us assume that if Hitler had run again in 1936, enough Germans would have come to their senses and voted him out: That would have satisfied us that sober democratic reflection erases occasional impetuosities. But how do we cope with Perón in Argentina? Not only was he a despot and a plunderer who wasted the capital infrastructure of a prosperous country, he was beloved even in exile, and twenty years later was re-elected. And when he died in office, his cuckoo wife, the instrument of a soothsayer, was elected. It was, unhappily, impossible to say that Perón was other than the people's choice.

AND WE may discover, in the Philippines, that Marcos is the genuine choice of the majority of the Philippine people. We are entitled to go on to say that it is a pity choices were so limited, but then we can say as much about the choices available in many countries, including, from time to time, the United States. Mrs. Aquino would admit Communists into her government. She has said she would not renew the U.S. bases when the existing treaties expire, unless a plebiscite desires a renewal. Mr. Laurel, her vice presidential candidate, has said pretty much the same thing. If you were a Filipino, feeling the hot breath of a Communist insurgency, and given the choice of Marcos or Mrs. Aquino, are you absolutely certain you would vote for Mrs. Aquino?

I'm not. Mr. Schlesinger and his friends should do a few pushups to put them in shape for that awful possibility: a free election, won by Marcos. □

*(Universal Press Syndicate)*



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# TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

*As Kem Putney is on vacation, we are offering a reprise of an oldie-but-goodie by Svend Petersen.*

## DEFINITIONS

A. Pertaining to the originator of anything — 1 208 181 167 158 156 116 3 20

B. A stench — 16 49 43 174 138 207 82 70

C. What the wrong reverend called Mrs. James — 18 117 89 10 23 98 120 4

D. A servant to Polonius — 42 26 22 39 6 146 63 163

E. Type of speech (3 words) — 44 83 104 50 40 95 27 66 140 196

F. Workshop made famous by Longfellow — 60 87 203 28 92 64

G. Old Testament prophet and book — 74 153 41 2 88 53 142

H. Youngest of twelve sons — 155 99 176 25 124 190 147 114

I. One-time Interior Secretary — 160 29 21 109 79

J. Twelfth Night — 170 108 175 121 90 157 58 84

K. One-time Michigan representative — 209 126 54 131 86 71

L. What Marie Antoinette thought the poor Frenchman was — 96 168 177 133 148 186 91 154 7

M. What one must cut to become sophisticated — 33 119 191 115 195 8 139 162

N. After I learned to spell his name the Soviets fired him — 78 179 55 45 81 185 32 198 201 169

O. Type of ecclesiastical succession — 80 145 9 130 171 30 205 111 46

P. To disgust or sicken — 110 34 72 161 135 56 194 210

Q. *Prepared, as a* candidate for office — 5 67 97 100 73 107 59

R. A composition of which the initial letters of the lines form words — 51 68 125 172 204 112 11 136

S. A gambling game — 132 69 101 35 113 12 150 137

T. An expenditure — 65 141 102 75 57 182

U. A Moor who had an unfortunate amour — 85 173 13 36 200 165 76

V. Harmony — 93 128 188 77 118 37

W. Erred because of momentary inattentiveness — 127 103 149 166 199 187

X. An ignominious state of disfavor (colloq.) — 134 183 202 47 189 193 14 123

Y. Type of Civil War volunteer, Union Army — 52 15 164 61 94 129

Z. Abyssinia — 144 105 151 38 192 122 62 206

a. Middle name of American writer, 1836-1902 — 24 143 17 178

b. Poetic for tears — 159 106 152 19 48

c. What your uncle looks like when seen from top of Empire State Building (phonetic) — 180 184 31 197

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 A | ■ | 2 G | 3 A | 4 C | 5 Q | 6 D | 7 L | 8 M | 9 O | ■ | 10 C | 11 R | 12 S | 13 U | ■ | 14 X | 15 Y | 16 B |
| 17 a | ■ | 18 C | 19 b | 20 A | 21 I | 22 D | ■ | 23 C | 24 a | 25 H | 26 D | 27 E | 28 F | ■ | 29 I | 30 O | 31 c | 32 N |
| 33 M | 34 P | 35 S | 36 U | 37 V | ■ | 38 Z | 39 D | ■ | 40 E | 41 G | 42 D | ■ | 43 B | 44 E | 45 N | 46 O | 47 X | ■ |
| 48 b | 49 B | 50 E | ■ | 51 R | ■ | 52 Y | 53 G | 54 K | 55 N | 56 P | ■ | 57 T | 58 J | 59 Q | ■ | 60 F | 61 Y | 62 Z |
| 63 D | ■ | 64 F | 65 T | 66 E | 67 Q | ■ | 68 R | 69 S | 70 B | 71 K | 72 P | 73 Q | 74 G | ■ | 75 T | 76 U | 77 V | 78 N |
| 79 I | ■ | 80 O | 81 N | ■ | 82 B | 83 E | ■ | 84 J | 85 U | 86 K | ■ | 87 F | 88 G | 89 C | 90 J | 91 L | ■ | 92 F |
| 93 V | 94 Y | 95 E | ■ | 96 L | 97 Q | 98 C | 99 H | ■ | 100Q | 101S | 102T | ■ | 103W | 104E | ■ | 105Z | 106b | 107Q |
| ■ | 108J | 109I | 110P | 111O | 112R | 113S | 114H | 115M | 116A | 117C | 118V | 119M | ■ | 120C | 121J | 122Z | 123X | 124H |
| 125R | 126K | 127W | 128V | 129Y | 130Q | ■ | 131K | 132S | 133L | ■ | 134X | 135P | 136R | 137S | 138B | 139M | 140E | 141T |
| 142G | ■ | 143a | 144Z | 145O | 146D | 147H | 148L | 149W | ■ | 150S | 151Z | 152b | ■ | 153G | 154L | 155H | 156A | 157J |
| ■ | 158A | 159b | ■ | 160I | ■ | 161P | 162M | 163D | 164Y | 165U | 166W | ■ | 167A | 168L | 169N | 170J | ■ | 171O |
| 172R | ■ | 173U | 174B | 175J | 176H | 177L | ■ | 178a | 179N | 180c | 181A | ■ | 182T | 183X | 184c | ■ | 185N | 186L |
| 187W | ■ | 188V | 189X | 190H | 191M | ■ | 192Z | 193X | 194P | ■ | 195M | 196E | ■ | 197c | 198N | 199W | ■ | 200U |
| 201N | 202X | 203F | 204R | 205O | 206Z | 207B | 208A | 209K | 210P | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |

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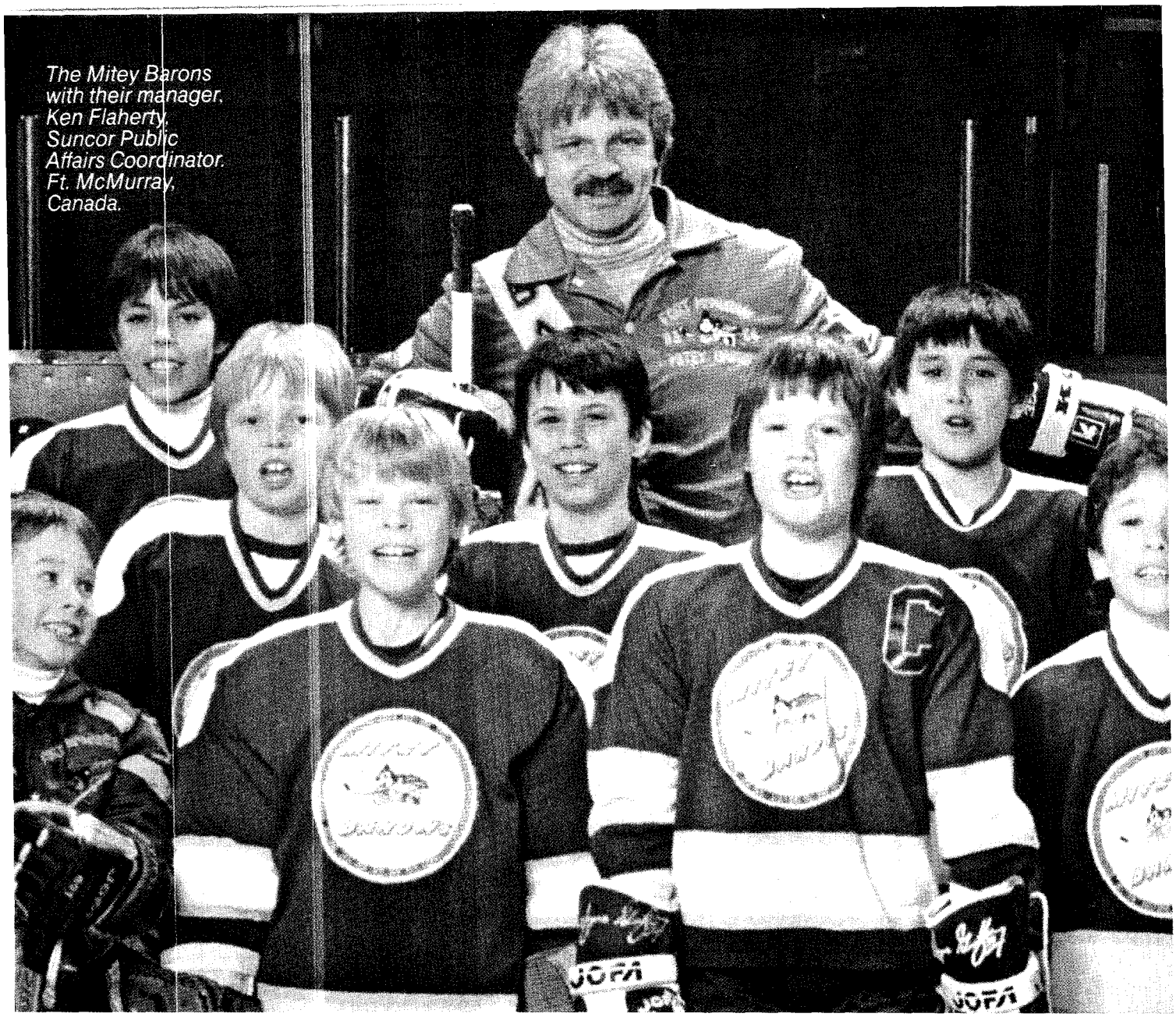

*The Mitey Barons with their manager, Ken Flaherty, Suncor Public Affairs Coordinator, Ft. McMurray, Canada.*

**SUN, ENERGY AND THE MITEY BARONS.** Twenty years ago Ft. McMurray, Canada, wasn't the town it is today. In fact, it was barely a town at all. That was before Sun Company developed a process to extract oil from the surrounding tar sands. And Sun people like Ken Flaherty can tell you what's developed since then.

"There was a time when this place was mostly tar sands and virtually undeveloped. But Sun brought a lot of energy to Ft. McMurray. We're getting more than fifty thousand barrels of oil a day from these sands. And under the snow around here there's more oil than in Saudi Arabia.

"We've got jobs, a community, and some pretty decent hockey teams. The energy's not just under the snow. It's everywhere."

At Sun we think putting our energy back into a community is just as important as getting it out.

# WHERE THERE'S SUN THERE'S ENERGY.

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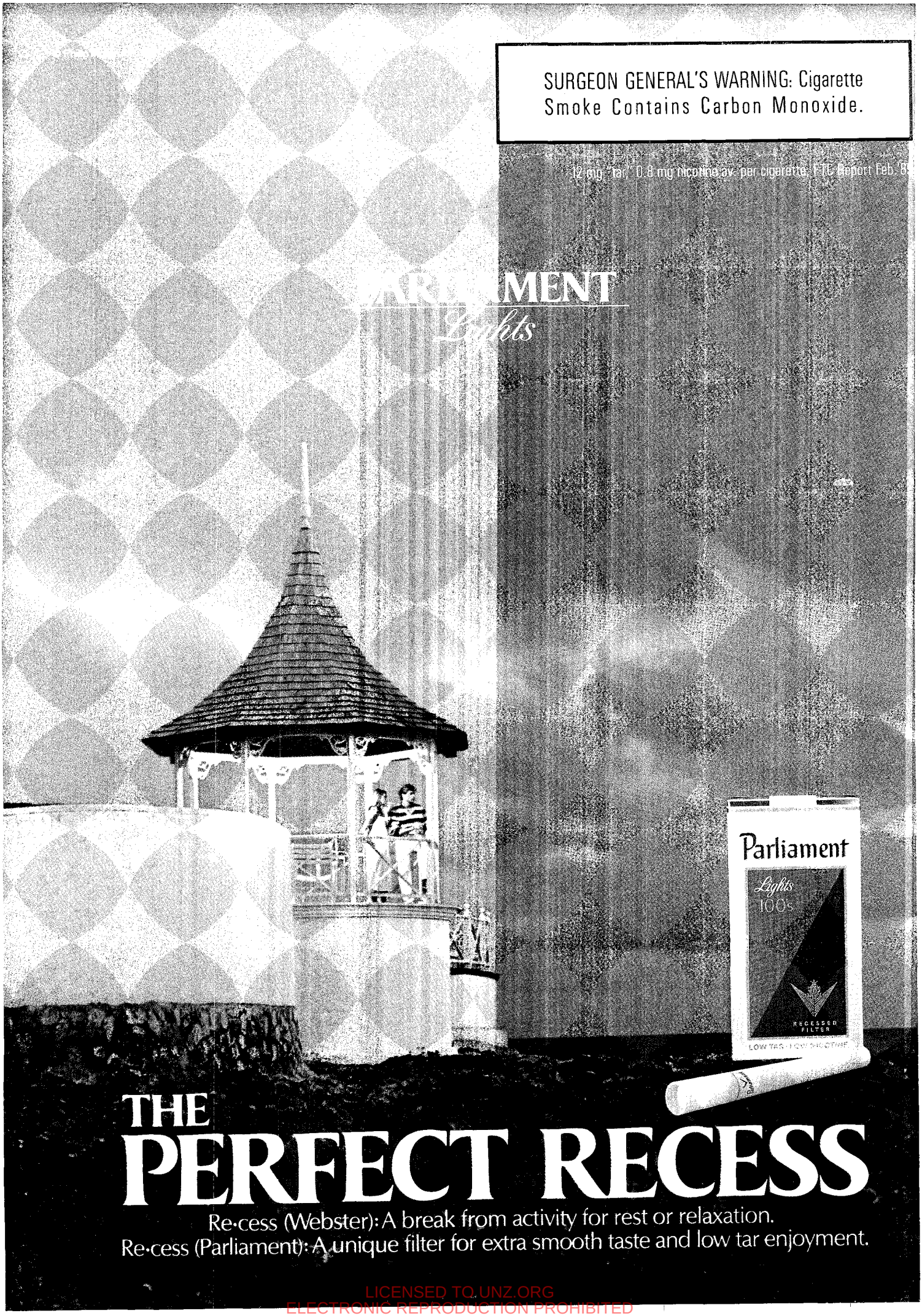
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
12 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette: FTC Report Feb. 8
MENT
Lights
Parliament
Lights
100's
RECESSED FILTER
THE
PERFECT RECESS
Re·cess (Webster): A break from activity for rest or relaxation.
Re·cess (Parliament): A unique filter for extra smooth taste and low tar enjoyment.

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